

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVIII. No. 2310

and BYSTANDER

London
October 3, 1945



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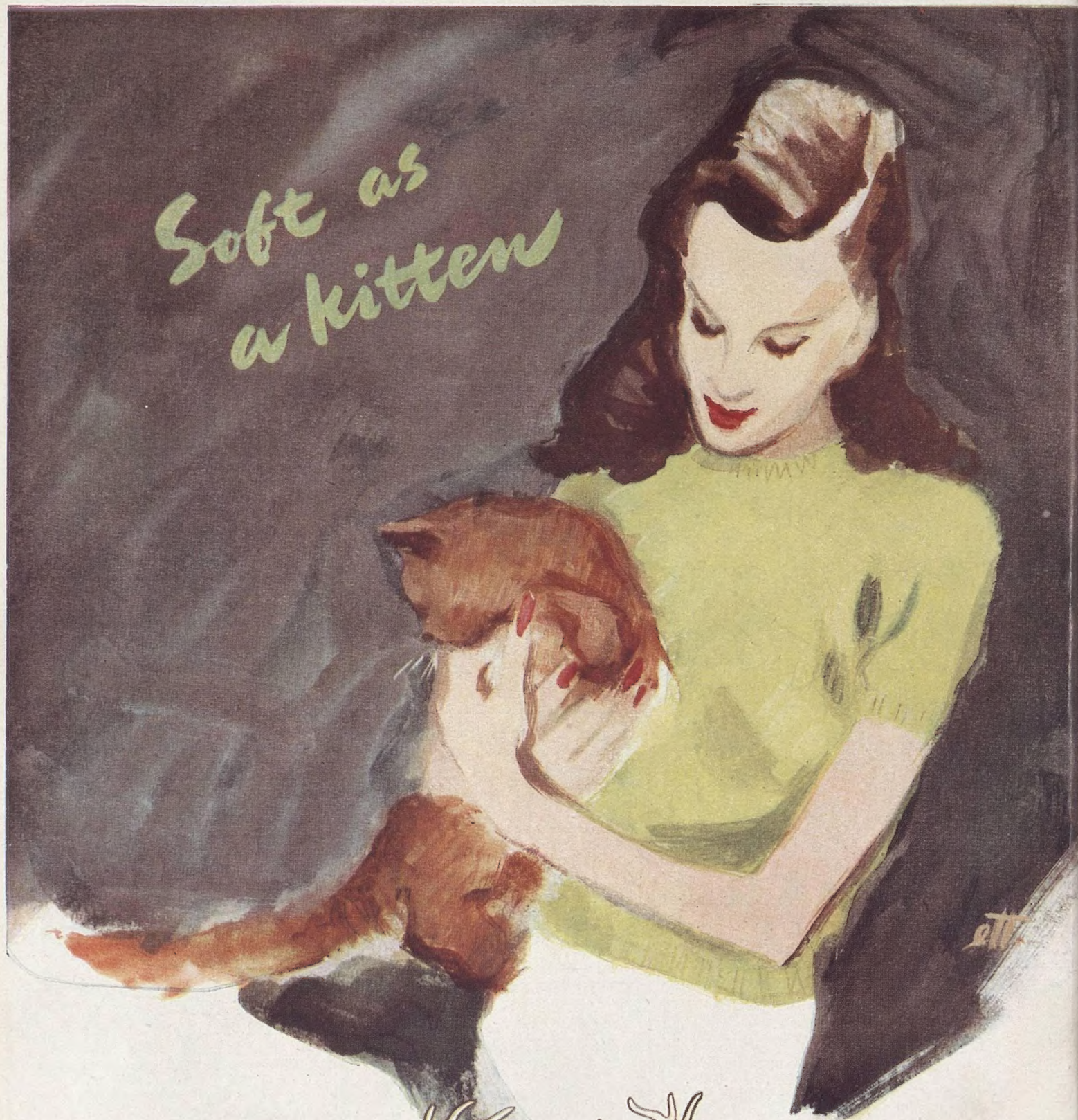
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and BYSTANDER

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Angus McBean

Robert Morley: *The First Gentleman*

Robert Morley is creating yet another of his enormous personal successes as the Prince Regent in Norman Ginsbury's play *The First Gentleman*, which is playing to enthusiastic audiences at the Savoy Theatre. Always a master of characterization, Mr. Morley seems to live and breathe that vainglorious monarch into every grandiloquent syllable and gesture of the part. It was at the same theatre that he delighted audiences with the caustic wit of Sheridan Whiteside in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. Robert Morley's first outstanding characterization was in the title role of *Oscar Wilde* in 1936, and he repeated this success two years later in New York. He has also appeared in many films, and is the author of several plays including *Goodness How Sad*. He is married to Gladys Cooper's daughter, Joan Buckmaster, and they have one small son, Sheridan



Way of the World

By Simon Harcourt-Smith

Maisie Gay

ALL too young does one reach the age when one begins to sanctify the past. Nevertheless, I am inclined to think poor old Maisie Gay, who died the other day, epitomized by far the most brilliant epoch in the history of English *revue intime*. Beatrice Lillie, and the two Hermines, Baddeley and Gingold, are not one whit less brilliant. Indeed, Miss Lillie's wit is perhaps more polished and delicate (so polished in fact, it flowers best in a small, cosy sort of theatre). But Miss Gay was not only a comedienne of the first quality; she was favoured by producers and productions that did her royal justice. I first saw her during one holiday, when a near relative of mine mitigated the dislike I habitually felt for him by taking me to *London Calling*. What brilliant fun it was! I refuse to believe my remembered pleasure is merely the fiction of a bad memory. The young Noel Coward in his new-fangled dinner-jacket standing before the footlights to talk in clipped august sentences such as I had never heard before, and which seemed to me the very essence of sophistication; dear "G" Lawrence singing Noel's "Parisian Pierrot" in that bewitching, ever-so-slightly-cracked voice of hers; the parody of the Sitwell-Walton *Façade* (which in those days was regarded as quite incomprehensible); and then Maisie Gay's great entry.

There was a backcloth, I remember, of what I imagine to be a British "hydro"—a vast nightmare of a building, far more ugly than any of the diseases favoured by its inmates—in fact, the sort of scenery used nowadays only by impoverished touring companies, and which you see lying in the wet of a Sunday afternoon on Preston or Crewe station. A platoon of chorus boys in grey top-hats, singing lustily: a shout—"Ere comes Laidy Kitty," and Maisie Gay all frou-frou and parasols and doll's staring make-up, in a delicious sort of gardening bonnet, waddled on.

The Pavilion Revues

IT was the beginning for me of years of laughter—the ushering in of that noble period when C. B. Cochran each year presented at the London Pavilion a *revue* which seemed to concentrate and idealize all the less serious genius of our time. Tilly Losch (when will we in London see that enchanting creature again? I last heard of her recuperating in some Arizona or New Mexico fastness) dancing to a number "What is that thing called Love," by a certain Cole Porter, less known in those days for his tunes than for his endearing Paris hospitality; Edythe Baker, so small and delicate beside her immense white piano, it should, one might have thought, have bred incurable agoraphobia in her. Instead, she coaxed from it agreeable ditties which still echo in my ears. Oliver Messel, whom I had last encountered as unhappy as I was at half-fledged parties, smiling silently in a corner, and now the inspired stage designer; and then, greatest of all, Maisie Gay, as the divine charwoman, or singing—pray God my memory doesn't fail me—that most sublime of all patriotic ballads, "March, march, April, May and June."

Armed Guards

THESE last few years have accustomed London to such curious spectacles, if somebody rode up to the Ritz on a racing-camel, the commissionaire, I suppose, would only ask: "How many days' water shall I give it, sir?" But surely one of the most peculiar sights has been the armed guards, a dozen of them at times, who have shepherded the Soviet Foreign Minister, Monsieur Molotov, to many of the official functions provoked by the Conference of Foreign Ministers.

Ritual is a hard thing to start again, once the rhythm of its continuity is broken. Perhaps that is why the Russian Foreign Minister maintains in peaceful, docile London measures of precaution

which are a commonplace in the life of any great man east of the Rhine. But on an English eye, accustomed to mock the blue-serge guardian of presents at a fashionable wedding, or the discreet bowler-hats who hedge about our Prime Ministers, Monsieur Molotov's posse makes a curious impression. Perhaps the new Middle Ages really are upon us, and soon no eminent man, no President, Minister or Chairman of great combine, will dream of going out to dinner without his private army. I look forward to the first public revival of the use of wine- and food-tasters. The luckless Tsar Nicholas II of All the Russias was, I believe the last European potentate to employ one officially though goodness alone knows what Hitler may have done, or for that matter the former Shah of Persia

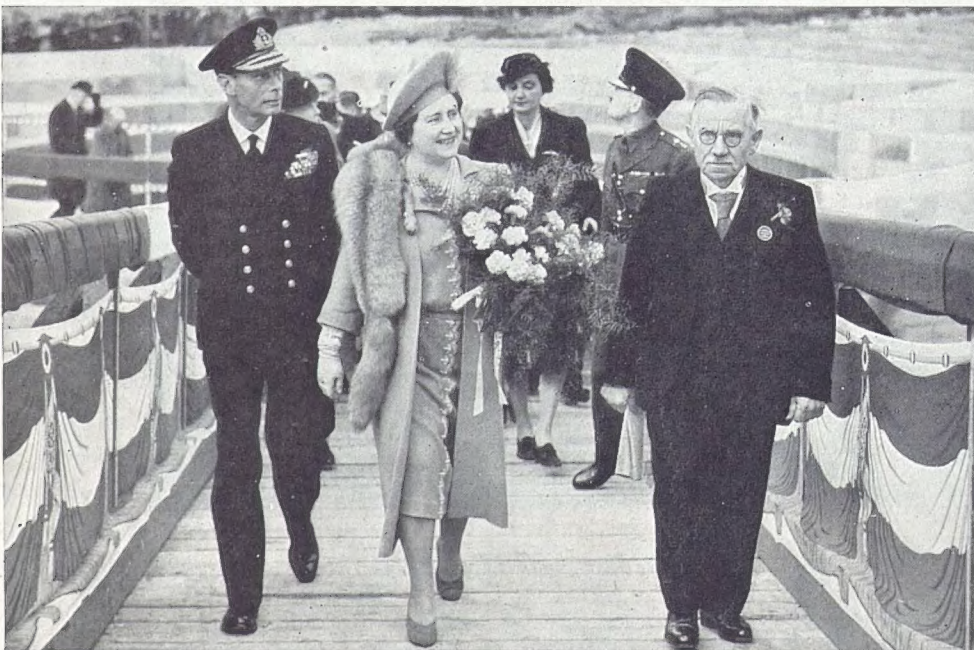
Frank Pakenham

FRANK PAKENHAM I see is to be made a peer. This elevation will, at the same time, usefully strengthen the thin ranks of the Labour Party in the Upper House, reward years of brilliant devotion to the Socialist cause, and honour an intellect far above the level of those who can normally hope for recognition these days. Frank Pakenham over the last few years has earned at Oxford a graceful reputation for erudition. In the external political world he has won as great if not so valuable an esteem for his masterly stage-managing of Sir William Beveridge during the



Lord Rosebery Stars in a Film

The Earl of Rosebery has been starring in a racing film called "Bred in the Bone," which features several famous racing personalities, and is being directed by the author of the film, Tony Housset. Lord Rosebery is seen receiving the final touches of powder before going on the set



The King and Queen Open Ladybower Reservoir

During the King and Queen's recent visit to Sheffield, His Majesty inaugurated the Ladybower Reservoir in the Derwent Valley. The reservoir, which has a capacity of 6,300,000,000 gallons, is claimed to be the largest artificial reservoir within an earthwork embankment in the British Isles. The King and Queen after driving through the city were received by the Mayor and Mayoress, and are seen walking up to the viaduct to perform the opening ceremony

days when Social Security was still fashionable; and many of us, while preserving unblemished our liking for Quintin Hogg, regretted that his success in the recent election meant Frank Pakenham's exclusion from the Commons. Now, however, "Another Place" will, it seems, benefit from his considerable talents.

He comes of a family both gifted and closely associated with talent. His brother, Longford, has done much for Irish literature and is, perhaps, the last offshoot of that brilliant movement which gave the world Yeats and Synge and James Stephens. One sister, Pansy, is married to that talented but elusive artist, Henry Lamb, whose portrait of Lytton Strachey was one of our youth's delights. Another sister, Violet, married my childhood friend, Anthony Powell, whose satirical novels deserve a success quite as handsome as any of their kind written during the last twenty years. Above all do I enjoy *Agents and Patents*, largely concerned with the film industry in the Berlin Ufa days. From personal experience I can testify that the antics of the movie industry are hardly less extravagant in this year, 1945.

The Catalogue of Destruction

I was depressed to hear from the charming Mrs. Hamish Hamilton how widespread is the damage among Italian historic buildings. Yvonne Hamilton,



Lord Louis Mountbatten Speaks to the Troops After the Signing of the Surrender at Singapore

After the surrender had been signed in the conference room of the Municipal Building, and the Japanese representatives marched away, Lord Louis Mountbatten appeared on the steps with his Chiefs of Staff, where he read his order of the day. Lord Louis is seen with Adml. Sir Arthur Power, Gen. Sir William Slim (left), and Gen. R. A. Wheeler and Air Chief Marshal Sir Keith Park (right)



Lady Louis Mountbatten watched the victory parade surrounded by released British prisoners of war. During the ceremony the Union Jack was hoisted by Naval ratings, and "God Save the King" was played by the band of the Royal Marines

herself an Italian, and an old friend of mine from Florentine days, was recently in Italy with her husband, the successful publisher, who has made an eminent reputation particularly by handling the competent Anglo-American war-reporting book that has enjoyed such an unbridled success ever since Hitler's advent to power.

Mrs. Hamilton tells me Florence is a sad sight indeed; the Germans in their madness had mined Urbino which was saved in the nick of time by the arrival of Allied engineers; a good deal of the North is a shambles, Milan especially smashed. Parma Cathedral and the Correggios are safe, but the wonderful theatre attached to the palace, and built in 1618 from Argenta's designs is badly dam-

aged. It was a miracle of controlled baroque taste.

Bela Bartok

I SEE this morning that Bela Bartok, one of the most important composers in the world, has died in New York. For most people his name evokes cacophony and angry dispute. For me, it means above all else a shabby apartment house in a Buda slum, where I once went with Milhaud to call on the master.

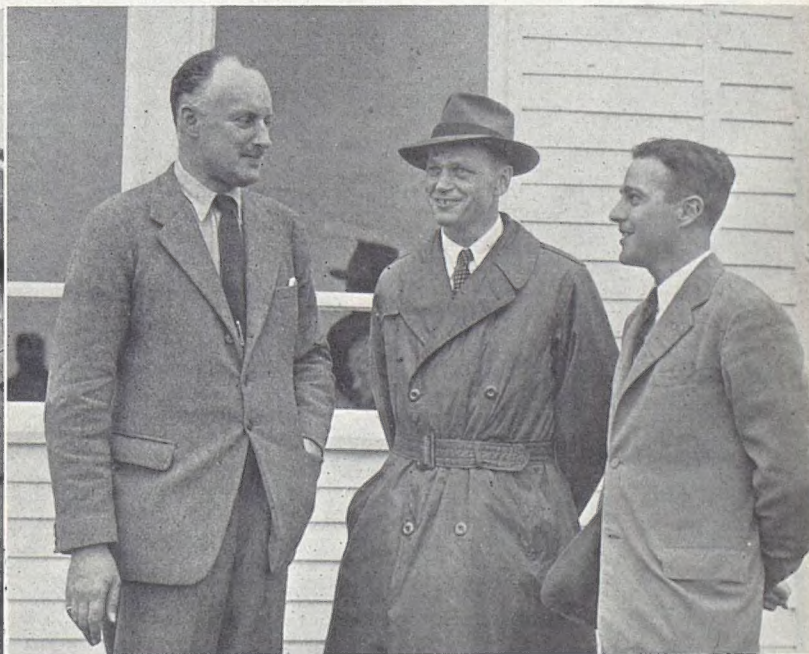
We fought our way through tattered children up a sort of fire-escape. We rapped at a grimy door, a face ever so slightly reminiscent of Bertrand Russell popped out, and in scared French bade us enter. Bartok jumped at almost everything

we said, but finally, gaining courage, he offered to play us the records of Rumanian folk music he had made while serving in the Balkans during the First World War. He produced one of those gramophones now only to be seen entertaining the terrier in the "His Master's Voice" trade-mark—with a vertical handle, a vast trumpet and cylindrical records. String and catapult rubber held it together; we had to support the trumpet to prevent it dropping on the celluloid. And then these strange exhilarating gypsy tunes—so remote from the bogus musical goulash that generally passes for tzigane music—popped out of the trumpet in a hoarse whisper, like a tired bookie singing Mozart.



Inspection and Parade of Ministry of Supply (M.T.C.) Car Service

Sir William Douglas, who inspected the parade at Somerset House, is seen shaking hands with Driver Crofts and Driver Ward, who manned cars placed at the disposal of the Fly Bomb Committee. With him are Commander Mrs. Daglish with Driver Shiner, who drove Mr. Churchill on secret experimental work, which even now may not be disclosed



First "Land Clipper" Arrives at Rineanna

Captain Harold Grey (centre), who brought the Pan-American Clipper "Skymaster" across the North Atlantic to Rineanna, Co. Limerick, Eire, in 9 hours and 29 minutes, is seen with the Marquess of Headford (left) and Mr. Jesse J. Boynton, Pan-American Representative at Rineanna

Fennell, Rathgar

Myself at the Pictures

Give Warners Their Due

By James Agate

THE other morning in the dilapidated barracks which used to be Drury Lane Theatre I looked in at a rehearsal of a show intended by E.N.S.A. for Burma. An admirable little show, with two first-rate comedians and a dancer good enough for anybody. At this point I imagine the reader to be rubbing his eyes and asking what E.N.S.A. has to do with the films to which this page is ostensibly devoted. I will tell him. E.N.S.A., to give it its due, is not mad. To send

The actors are American. But they enact experiences common to British, Indian and Chinese forces who victoriously fought the grim jungle war.

I don't know how plain a pikestaff is, but this seems to me to be plain enough. Now about the further objection, that people coming in five minutes late will not see this notice. One might also ask whether this foreword was used when the picture was shown in America. My answer is this: I don't



Over 21 stars Irene Dunne, and gives her the opportunity to play once again one of her sophisticated comedy parts which she does so well. Opposite her is Alexander Knox in his first comedy role, and also in the picture is that fine old comedy actor Charles Coburn. The story is about the authoress wife (Irene Dunne) of a crusading newspaper editor (Alexander Knox) whose chief (Charles Coburn) objects to his joining the army to find out what the Service men and women are thinking of the world of tomorrow. Irene follows her husband and finds housekeeping in a shack a bit of a problem which results in some high comedy

a British show to Burma when the Press insist that Warner Bros., in their latest film, maintain against all-comers that there are not and never have been any British troops in Burma—this would obviously be madness.

MY view is that the fuss has been out of all proportion to the offence, if indeed there has been offence. In the beginning of *Objective, Burma*, this notice is let down on the screen for all the world to see:—

The story of Burma and the amazing heroism of men of all Armies would take many great motion pictures to tell.

This production covers a single, typical operation.

remember that in the play or film of *Journey's End* there was anything to suggest that the Americans had their share in those or similar proceedings.

A FURTHER item in Warner Bros.' defence is that the film is intended not as history but as entertainment. I regard this plea as wholly valid, provided that the falsification is obvious enough. I expect any film centring in Errol Flynn to be absurd, and my one criticism of *Objective, Burma*, would be that it is not absurd enough. Unsure of my own judgment, I invited a frenzied Flynnite to give me his opinion. He wrote: "Not terribly exciting; Errol not very Errol."

I EXPECT to see E. F. at the head of 500 men repel a charge of 50,000 naked savages armed with assegais and krisses. I expect to see E. F. at the head of 50 men repel a charge of 5,000 naked savages. I expect to see E. F. at the head of 5 men repel a charge of 500 N.S.'s. What happens when E. F. is left alone to face a charge of 50 N.S.'s? The answer is the American Lady's: "What the hell d'ya think Errol's Errol for?" There the matter must rest as far as I am concerned.

BUT while we are in quarrelsome mood, what about this letter from a major in Wick?

Dear Mr. Film Critic,

I must speak to some one who may understand, or I shall go in for secret incendiaryism; or bust.

Last night I went to a cinema. I go very seldom, having been stung too often. But the herd instinct overcame me, and so I went, along with the higher-paid (and possibly more intelligent) officers of this Unit, to a House that seats 2,000 and is conventionally modern, without, thank God, an organ.

We were shown (1) a terrible picture from America titled *Sgt. Mike*, and (2) a most unfortunate home-made affair called *Meet Sexton Blake*. There was also a news-reel.

I feel sure that you have not seen either of these pictures. In the first place, neither is important enough to have called for your presence. Secondly, the titles would have warned you away (as they should have warned me, but a whisky-and-soda makes one optimistic). Thirdly, you would not have sat through either of them, except to make up some sleep. You cannot have seen them. You are fortunate.

The *Sexton Blake* abortion I can tell you nothing about. There was meant to be mystery. The dialogue was heavy-handed, trite, undramatic, ridiculous. The photography was too conventional (circa 1928) to be interesting in its own right, and the sequences were too addled for one to discover what was the story, if any.

But let's take heart from this: *Sgt. Mike* was much worse. Much. It is about dogs in war—a subject ready-made for the Great British Public, and one of intrinsic interest, too, I should say. But it requires documentary, or at least careful, treatment. Add, as Hollywood has done, a banal story, a quite repulsive child-actor, a great deal of false and faultily presented sentiment, some war sequences that, as a trained soldier, make one squirm—and we have *Sgt. Mike*.

At least "Mike," the Alsatian dog-hero, managed to look as disgusted and bored most of the time, as I felt.

Well, for my two-and-ninepence plus another threepence I could have had three more whiskies-and-soda and a nice evening by the ante-room fire with a book.

But the question that troubles me is: "Do we HAVE to put up with this sort of nonsense?" Has the public no means of attack against the money-grubbing amateurs and illiterates who produce these provocations, these insults to intelligence, taste, and even entertainment?

Believe me, Sir,

Yours, in a great rage,

T. W. (Major).

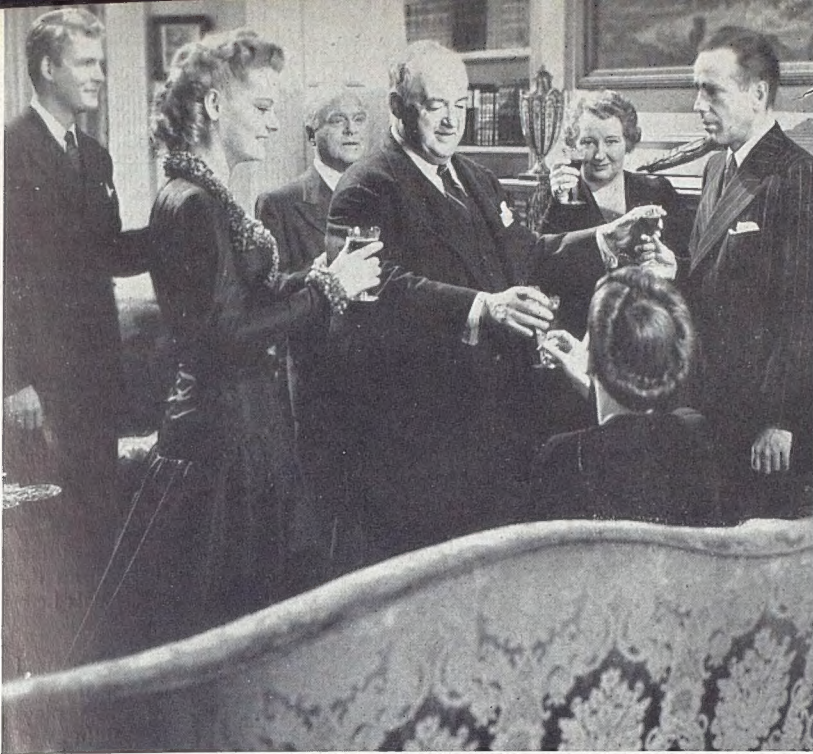
My answer:

Dear Sir,

You are a major in Wick. Don't you realize that the pictures are for minors in Hackney Wick?

Yours respectfully,

FILM CRITIC.



Richard and Katherine Mason are toasted by their friend Dr. Hamilton on their fifth wedding anniversary as the perfect married couple (Charles Drake, Alexis Smith, Grant Mitchell, Sydney Greenstreet, Leah Baird, Rose Hobart, Humphrey Bogart)



Richard and Katherine are not in reality as happily married as they appear. On their return from the party they have a car accident and Richard injures his leg. Afterwards he feigns at having become a cripple

Humphrey Bogart

Commits A Perfect Crime In

"Conflict"

● In *Conflict* Humphrey Bogart plays the perpetrator of a perfect crime. In love with another woman he murders his wife, and then poses as the devoted husband to the police and his friends. However, his great friend, played by Sydney Greenstreet, is a psychiatrist, and from the first he suspects Bogart of having committed the crime. After his wife's death he begins to suffer from a series of strange incidents which almost drive him out of his mind. At last he returns to the scene of his crime to meet his fate



Richard murders Katherine, making it appear that she has disappeared. Afterwards he acts the solicitous husband trying to trace the murderer. However, he makes a slip in his evidence and his friend Dr. Hamilton begins to suspect him



Katherine's younger sister comes to stay with Richard, and is surprised and upset when Richard passionately declares his love for her, for she feels sure that her sister is only missing, though Richard insists she is dead



At the police court Richard fools the police with his apparent innocence. However, Dr. Hardman sets a series of mental traps for him and for all his cleverness Richard, driven nearly mad with worry, at last falls into the pit

The Theatre

"A Bell For Adano" (Phoenix)

THE church bell of the Sicilian village of Adano has made a great noise in the world. Novel readers, film-goers, theatrical audiences, all know the triumphant chime which symbolizes a community's well-being, and now if you happen to be passing the Phoenix Theatre at the right moment you will hear it echoing grandly along the Charing Cross Road. It brings down the curtain on a rousing entertainment.

A word of warning. It is unreasonable to expect from the play the same quality of pleasure that the novel may have given you. There is only one way, as every pundit knows, to reproduce on the stage the exact effect of a novel. The adapter must dig down to the novelist's root idea, completely forget the novel and develop the appropriated idea in strict terms of the stage. Then, if all goes well, one masterpiece may breed another, something quite different despite its blood relationship. The public is not, alas, avid for masterpieces. What it wants is a plausible reflection on the stage of the novel which has happened to take its fancy. It wants to see the beloved characters of the printed page "in the round." Mr. Paul Osborn, the adapter of this piece, knows what is expected of him, and he has done his job admirably.

THIS play shows us the American army major taking charge of the civil administration of the little Sicilian village while the Italian campaign has still to be won, and beginning the apparently hopeless task of convincing the villagers that American democracy stands for the full and speedy restoration of their shattered happiness. Democracy is with this American soldier something as real

and unquestionable as the palm of his hand. There is to be no more bribery, no more terrorism, no indirect pressure of any sort that might be thought unfair: the conquering administrators are the servants of the people.

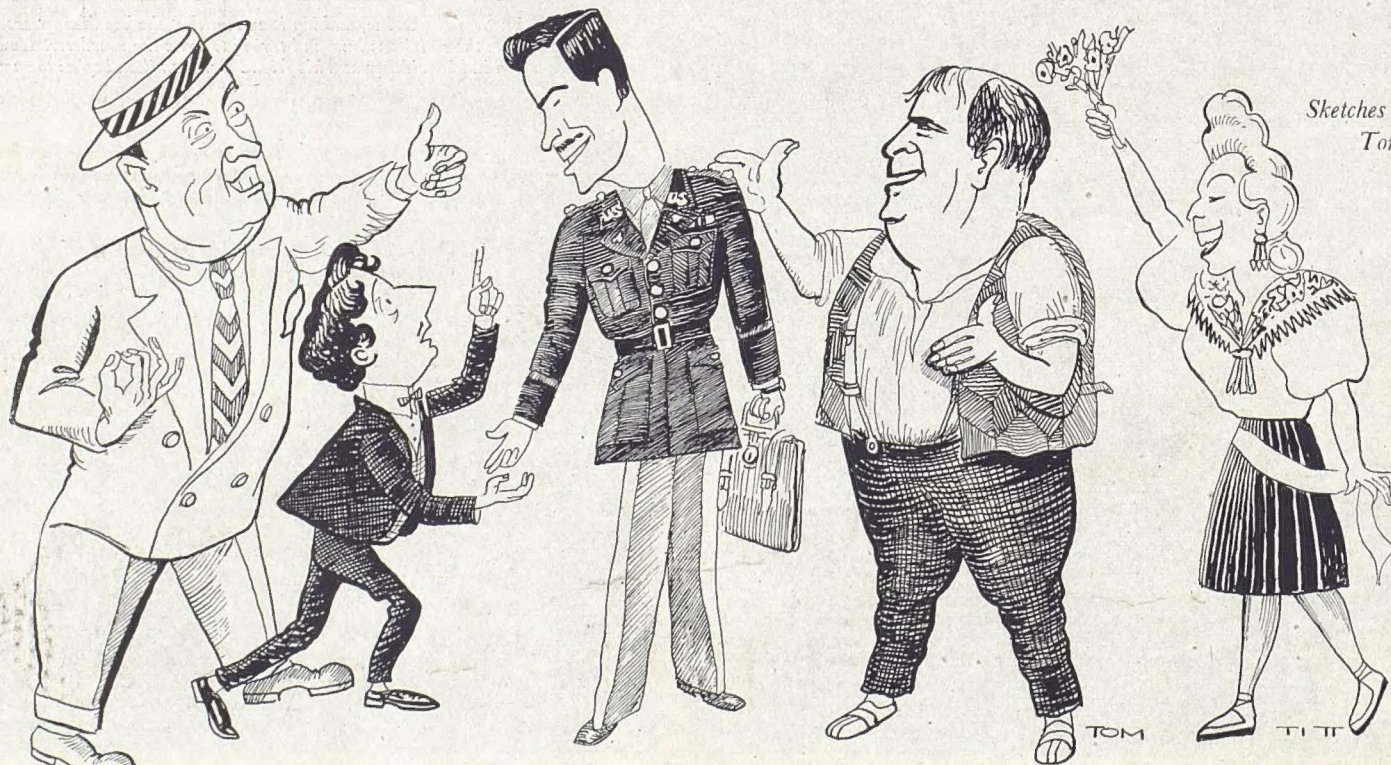


The Sergeant and His Superior Officer: Bonar Colleano, Jr., and Nicholas Stuart

He is authoritative and modest, firm, reasonable and sympathetic, and gradually his transparent sincerity dispels suspicion and the village community struggles thankfully back to its self-respecting legs. But the gist of the play is not the spiritual regeneration of Adano. It is the ironical turn of events by which the town major justifies the principles of American democracy at the expense of his military career. An American general, passing through the village in a flaming temper and finding his way obstructed by mule carts, issues an off-hand, peremptory order that mule carts shall not be allowed to enter the town. The order—which means that Adano cannot be fed—is countermanded by the town major. But one of his own subordinates, unwilling to take the chance that the fuming general will never hear of Adano again, writes a "safety first" report, and this report comes at last home to roost. As Adano's bell peels out the triumph of the major's democratic ideals he is lassoed by red tape and overturned.

THE departmental tragi-comedy is in itself exciting enough to carry the evening to success, but it remains one of those plays which have always a little less fullness of narrative and variety of characterization than the lively and virile snatches of dialogue deserve. Only one character is really "in the round"—that of the town major finely played by Mr. Robert Beatty. Mr. Beatty renders the character in all its pleasant simplicity and yet succeeds in gathering our interest and holding it to the end. The story is presented in episodes, with the almost inevitable consequence that dramatic interest is only intermittently cumulative. But where the play is distinctly inferior to the novel is in its treatment of the local inhabitants. One or two gesticulating and extravagant characters could be allowed, but adapter and producer have conspired to turn all the villagers into the chorus of some comic opera. Mr. Frederick Valk, as the sturdy fisherman who distrusts authority on principle, stands out of the ludicrous ruck, but only for a moment. Even so, what is left of the original story makes an exciting play.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.



Sketches by
Tom Titt

The Major and His Admirers, citizens of the Town of Adano: Macdonald Parke as Ribando, Milo Sperber as Giovanni Zito, Robert Beatty as Major Victor Joppolo, Frederick Valk as Tomasino, the head fisherman, and Jessie Evans as Tina, daughter of Tomasino

Filmland Cocktail-Party

Given by the Film Producer
Mr. George King and His Wife

● Mr. and Mrs. George King recently gave a most successful cocktail-party at the Bon Viver, Shepherd's Market, to celebrate the third anniversary of their marriage. The party was a charmingly informal one, and Mr. and Mrs. King took the opportunity of returning hospitality which they had been unable to reciprocate during the war years. The host is the well-known film producer and director, and among the many guests were several of the stars who are taking part in his big new British picture, *Gaiety George*



W/Cdr. "Babe" Barnato was chatting to his hostess, Mrs. George King, the producer's attractive wife



A cheerful trio were Miss Inga Andersen, the cabaret star, the film director, Mr. Gordon Wellesley, and his wife, Miss Kay Strueby, the Hollywood scenarist



Those talented cabaret stars, Daphne Barker and her husband Jack, were having a cocktail with Lady Bowater and their host, Mr. George King



Miss Ann Todd, who is starring in the film, looked very petite beside her tall husband, W/Cdr. Nigel Tangye



Mr. "Bill" O'Brien and Capt. Ian Grant were both paying a great deal of attention to Miss Frances Day, who was in her usual sparkling form



Mrs. Pamela Rank appeared to have something interesting to say to Mrs. Walter Payne, while Mr. Sidney Hinde and Mr. Ronald How were looking serious



Mr. Richard Greene, who is starring in "Gaiety George," brought his lovely actress wife, Miss Patricia Medina. With them is Mr. Haddon Mason



Mr. George Posford, who is writing the lyrics for the music of "Gaiety George," and his wife, Mrs. Posford, were joking with Miss Leontine Sagan, the theatrical producer



Miss Matilda Etches, the well-known designer, who is creating the clothes for the film, Miss Phyllis Robins and Mr. Arthur Boyes were all enjoying themselves



The Earl of Athlone Arrives in England

The Earl of Athlone, former Governor-General of Canada, inspected a Naval Guard of Honour when he arrived at Liverpool on the liner the *Empress of Scotland*. He is seen with Princess Alice of Athlone being escorted ashore by British Naval officers



Woodley, Stoke-on-Trent

Christening in Staffordshire

The Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury's third daughter was christened Catharine Laura, at Ingestre Hall, Stafford. Lord and Lady Shrewsbury are seen after the christening with their two other daughters, Lady Charlotte and Lady Sylvia Rose Chetwynd-Talbot, and their niece, Deirdre Heber-Percy

ON AND OFF DUTY

A Chronicle of Town and Country

Scottish "Season"

SEVERAL days before the Court went into residence at Holyrood, the whole of Edinburgh's available accommodation for visitors was completely full, and late-comers who wanted to see something of the Royal ceremonies had to rely on the kindness of friends for sleeping-room. So short was hotel space that even some of the minor officials in attendance at Holyrood had to share bedrooms, for the sleeping quarters at the old palace itself are too small to house anything like all the staff required.

Delighted at the early presence of the King and Queen after the end of the war, the loyal Scots, who crowded into their capital from all over the country, left Their Majesties in no doubt about the warmth of their welcome, and the crowds cheered them lustily whenever they saw either the King or the Queen.

Besides the families and friends of the several hundred officers and men—nearly all of them drawn from Scottish regiments—who were decorated by the King at the two morning Investitures, big contingents of visitors came to Edinburgh from the Highlands and the Lowlands, and most of the well-known figures of Scottish Society were to be seen in the course of the morning in and around Princes Street.

Indeed, Scottish folk are hoping that this peacetime visit is the forerunner of much more frequent visits by Their Majesties to the "second capital," and plans are being optimistically made for holding a regular autumn "season" each year in Edinburgh, if the Court is at Holyrood House. Dances, dinner-parties and entertainments each evening made the Royal week the gayest Edinburgh has known for a long time.

Their Majesties' visit to Edinburgh was followed on a journey south from Balmoral to Sheffield and from there to Bamford, a village in the upper Derwent Valley of Derbyshire, where the King inaugurated the new Ladybower Reservoir, which has cost some £6,000,000 to construct, and is the first big peaceful undertaking to be given a Royal send-off since pre-war days.

From Edinburgh the Court went north again to Balmoral, where the King and Queen propose to stay, according to present arrangements, until the end of the first week in October.

Sport

SPORT has, on the whole, been good in the North while the King has been on holiday, though the grouse on the Royal moors have been so unplentiful that the King, to husband the resources as far as possible, went on to the moors only two days a week, devoting the remainder of his time to rough shooting and deer-stalking. Princess Elizabeth has been out several times after deer, both with her father and on her own, and secured at least one fine ten-pointer on a day's stalk after her riding mishap.

Mr. Attlee's stay at Balmoral, which he was visiting for the first time, enabled His Majesty to dispose of various outstanding questions in direct talk with his Prime Minister, and at the same time gave Mr. Attlee a much-needed change from the atmosphere of Whitehall after his particularly busy weeks of Government-making.

Queen Mary Back Home

BACK in London after her four-weeks holiday at Appleton House, near Sandringham, Queen Mary looks fit and is in the best of spirits. During her stay in Norfolk she motored to see many old friends whom she has not had a chance of meeting since before the war, and she also drove over to Newmarket to inspect the King's racing stables. Already Her Majesty has agreed to make several official and semi-official visits this autumn, and in the coming weeks she will be seen about a good deal, it is hoped, both in London and in the country.

Early-Autumn Ball

THE ballroom at Grosvenor House was once again crowded for the early-autumn Queen Charlotte's Ball, which was great fun and thoroughly enjoyed by all the young dancers there. These dances have been kept going all through the darkest days by the chairman, Lady Hamond-Graeme, who has raised thousands of pounds for the hospital in this way. She has done a remarkable job, for she has no paid organiser and runs the dances entirely herself with voluntary helpers.

Usually Lady Hamond-Graeme has a huge table, sometimes with as many as a hundred guests; but this time she was not able to be present herself and arranged for Mrs. Forbes to look after her twenty guests. At her table I saw Mrs. Forbes's very attractive daughter



Christened in the Crypt

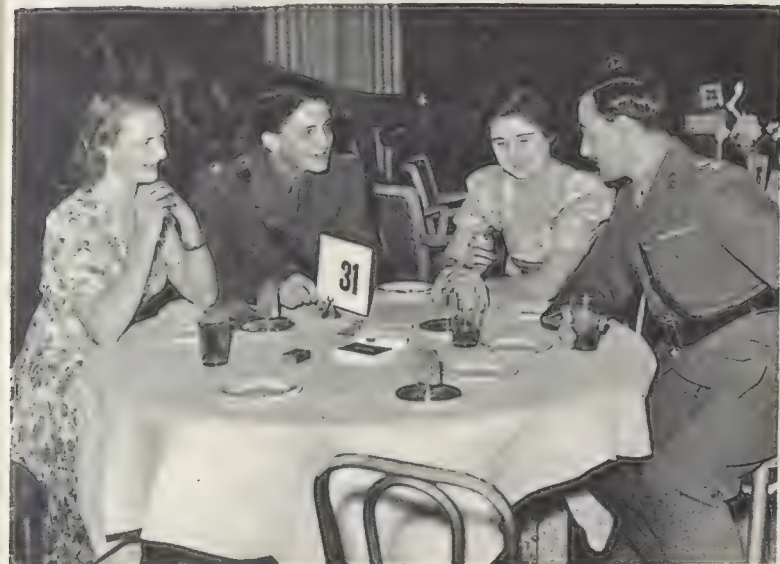
The infant son of Mr. Gilbert McAllister, M.P. for Rutherglen, was christened John Glen McAllister, in the crypt of the House of Commons. Mr. and Mrs. McAllister were photographed carrying their baby son, who seems to be protesting heartily after the ceremony

Juanita, who wore a lovely sequined dress and very original drop ear-rings made of antique cameos; she was dancing with Mr. Derrick Baynham, very smart in his blues, who, though only still a subaltern, has one wound stripe and a very splendid collection of medals running into two rows of ribbons—a great achievement for any young man of his age.

Among the Dancers

THE Hon. Mrs. Tommy Emmet, Lord Rennell's elder sister, was at the dance with a party of eight young people, which included her elder son Christopher, who was on leave from the Fleet Air Arm, and her pretty daughter Lavinia. Mrs. Emmet gave a wonderful dance in the summer at her lovely home in Sussex, Amberly Castle, when she was honoured by the presence of Princess Elizabeth. The Hon. Rupert Strutt, Lord Belper's youngest son,

(Concluded on page 24)



Cheerful Chatterers: The Hon. Sheila Butler, Lord Dunboyne's youngest daughter, Lt. Michael Stevens, Miss Ursula Parkin and Capt. Innes Watson

Going Gay at Grosvenor House

Queen Charlotte's Autumn Ball

A Foursome Faces the Camera: Mr. David Curland, Miss Robin Brierley, Lt. S. R. Sandford and Miss E. Lee - Norman

Right: Smiling and Serious: Lt. Derek Baynham and Miss Juanita Forbes, the daughter of the well-known sculptor Feridah Forbes



In the Party Spirit: Mrs. Alex Abel Smith and Lt. Charles Wingfield were two people who were in good form at the ball



Tête-à-Tête: Lord Fisher's youngest daughter, the Hon. Barbara Fisher, was keeping Lt. P. A. Denison amused at a table for two



Looking Lively: Mr. D. W. Stratton and Miss Elizabeth Batten were finding plenty to laugh at during the evening's entertainment



A Thoughtful Couple: Capt. Littlejohn Cook, who is a returned P.O.W., and Miss Patricia Bailey were taking life rather seriously



Young Marrieds: Lt. John Pelly brought his wife. He is the eldest son of Major Harold Pelly, late 7th Hussars, and a grandson of Sir Harold Pelly



A Pensive Listener: S/Ldr. K. I. Goldes seemed to have a lot to say to Miss M. O. Stirling while they were sitting out



The Duchess of Berwick: "How do you do, Lord Darlington? I won't let you know my daughter, you are far too wicked"

The Duchess of Berwick, arriving at Lady Windermere's for tea with her debutante daughter, is surprised to find Lord Darlington alone with her hostess



Duchess: "Agatha, darling! . . . Will you go and look over the photograph album that I see there?"

The Duchess of Berwick (Athene Seyler), enjoying Lord Darlington's witty repartee, decides that her daughter, Lady Agatha (Patricia Dickson), is too young to hear such conversation and sends her out of earshot

"Lady Windermere's Fan"

An Oscar Wilde Classic Directed by John Gielgud, with Decor by Cecil Beaton

Photographs by Cecil Beaton



Lady Windermere: "I want a friend to-night, Lord Darlington. I didn't know I would want one so soon"

Lady Windermere, aghast at the action Lord Windermere has taken in inviting Mrs. Erlynne against her wish, decides to leave her husband. She knows that Lord Darlington (Griffith Jones) is in love with her



Mrs. Erlynne: "You don't know what it is to be despised, mocked, sneered at—to be an outcast"

At the end of the reception Lady Windermere goes to Lord Darlington's rooms. Mrs. Erlynne hears of her action and follows her there, begging her to leave at once and go home to her husband



Lord Windermere: "Your honour is untouched, Margaret"
 Lady Windermere: "... You spend your money strangely, that is all"
 Lady Windermere (Dorothy Hyson) discovers that her husband (Geoffrey Toone) has been giving money to a Mrs. Erlynne. The woman is notorious, and Lady Windermere refuses to invite her to the reception she is giving that night

● John Gielgud and Cecil Beaton have together contrived to present London with a magnificent spectacle in the revival of *Lady Windermere's Fan* at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. The decor and costumes are a joy to the luxury-starved eyes of to-day, and the glitter of an age that has gone, though never quite real, is no less fascinating on this account. Outstanding performance is that of Athene Seyler; the whole stage is alive whenever she makes an appearance. Dorothy Hyson is Lady Windermere, and Isabel Jeans, as the notorious Mrs. Erlynne, most royally lives up to Wilde's description, "an edition de luxe of a wicked French novel, meant specially for the English market"



Mrs. Erlynne: "I'm afraid I took your wife's fan in mistake for my own when I was leaving your house to-night"
 Lady Windermere's fan is discovered in Lord Darlington's rooms.
 Mrs. Erlynne, hiding in the next room, hears the commotion, and determined to save Lady Windermere, she claims the fan as her own



Lord Augustus: "Dear lady, I am in such suspense! May I not have an answer to my request?"

In spite of gossip, Lord Augustus (Michael Shepley) is determined to marry Mrs. Erlynne (Isabel Jeans). At Lady Windermere's reception, to which Mrs. Erlynne has come at Lord Windermere's invitation, he proposes again



Mrs. Erlynne: "So that is your little boy. What is he called?"
 Lady Windermere is aware of Mrs. Erlynne's sacrifice: she is not, however, aware that Mrs. Erlynne is her mother and that Lord Windermere has been helping her for this reason. Mrs. Erlynne will not allow Lady Windermere to be told of her identity and decides to leave London for ever

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT one-day strike of lawyers in the Argentine recently was not a protest against a slump in sin, as we at first guessed, but connected with some technical fuss over administration.

In the Inns of Court the wiggly boys are very sensitive on that former point. If you say casually after dinner in Hall, "I do think there oughtn't to be so much sin and crime," the Benchers rise from their vintage port and hiss you, a legal chap tells us. The senior Benchers present then intones a long commination in law-Latin of the time of Bacon, Lord Verulam, damning you to blazes for an interloper and a twirp. This, the equivalent of what the theatre world calls the Bitches' Curse, is all that remains, apparently, of the old-time Christmas jollities of the Inns of Court, when (up to the end of the 17th century) the lawyers sang and danced and played merry pranks under a Lord of Misrule, and ended up by hunting a cat with hounds through their Inn.

Fortunately there seems to be no slump in human folly and misery and the lawyers are making a packet, they say. We saw a wonderful specimen sweeping from the Temple towards the Law Courts recently; tall, portly, clean, rich, complacent, rosy, masterful, fingering a watch of pure gold. We thought of stopping him and saying politely: "Sir, we put it to you that those snowy well-starched bands are steeped in human gore." But he would immediately call rebutting evidence, we thought, or maybe a policeman, and anyway he scared us stiff.

Cache

A CHAP whooffing the other day about buried treasure still knocking about the world for fools to rush after omitted to mention the priceless treasure of El Dorado, which is not a city but a man—"the Gilded Man"—and is said to be still there, drowned in a bottomless lake in the High Andes called something like Xixoplotl or Xaxmaxan.

El Dorado was the Inca monarch, so called because at certain solemn ceremonies he was stripped naked by the priests of the Sun and covered from head to foot in glittering gold-dust. None of the big Elizabethan crooks, who were crazy to loot the Inca's treasure, got anywhere near it. We've been told the site of the lake is known to the financial world, but apart from the cost of concessions and dragging modern machinery halfway up the terrific Andes, the lake-bed is

full of caverns which have never been plumbed. One can hear the faint ironic laughter of the Gilded Man as his shade hovers over some board-meeting full of frantic redfaced persons biting their nails in helpless rage.

"Ike says N.B.G., let it ride. Any other amendment?"

"Wait a minute, Izzy. Joe's fainted."

"Thinkin' of all that dough makes me—hey, hold up, Fishy!"

"Loosen Fishy's collar."

"Fishy's dead."

"Dump him, Gowler. Any other amendment?"

"Yuh, I move this Board calls Ike a chicken-hearted louse."

"Seconder? . . . All in favour . . ."

(Amendment carried.)

And the Gilded Man glides out, laughing himself sick.



Hero

ONE couldn't help wondering whether the title of "Monsieur Raffles" conferred by the Fleet Street boys on a gentleman-pickpocket pipped fatally in Montmartre the other night conveyed much to the younger generation.

Raffles, hero of our golden infancy and the creation of the novelist Hornung, was the first Society crook in English fiction, unless we err. Debonair, cool, handsome, fearless, a dashing cricketer and a devil with the women, he spent his time as a guest at big country-houses, relieving the wicked rich in the neighbourhood of diamond necklaces, ropes of pearls, Old Masters, and other ill-gotten portable property. A sort of Edwardian Robin Hood, in fact, using the old school tie with elegant nonchalance to climb Palladian façades and gag butlers.

He dazzled us extremely. It was only in later, sourer years that we found ourselves asking ourselves whether the great Raffles wasn't the least bit of a cad to use people's hospitality for such purposes. We hadn't much sympathy for one of his victims, a fat and pitiless West End moneylender named Levy, who didn't invite him anyway, but some of his other hosts seem to us now to have a case against him.

This point evidently occurred to a French translator of the Raffles stories, who boldly gave them the title "*Raffles, Cambrioleur pour Le Bon Motif*." In case, so to speak, it escaped you.

All the loot was returned by the insouciant Raffles to the oppressed, so far as we remember, without even a rake-off. That shows you how old-fashioned he was. My dear, absolutely period.



"Who do I speak to about an overdraft and no questions asked?"

Hiawatha

A NEWS-ITEM from New York to the effect that the eminent Buffalo Bill, Colonel Cody, who died in 1917, still has a balance at the bank which nobody seems to want, should ring a bell or two in Glasgow, unless we err.

An elderly citizen of that fascinating burg told us the story years ago in a Highland inn. Some time in the 1890's, when Buffalo Bill's world-famous circus was visiting Glasgow, one of the fearsome Red Men who performed such hair-raising feats with wild bronchos and tomahawks and rifles got somebody to stand him a dollop of fire-water, while off duty, in a local pub. This was strictly forbidden everywhere the circus went, since the Noble Savage with firewater inside him is apt to take the nearest town to pieces, as is well known. This one merely massacred the first citizen he found in his way; but apparently the citizen, who lived in the Gorbals, was used to it, and recovered, and the Red Man was ultimately let off, after heap big palaver and wah-wah in the lodges of the Paleface.

The incident would be more vital, we thought, if it had happened on a Saturday night when the razor gangs were out, and if the Noble Savage while running amuck had bumped into a bit of real Glasgow rough-stuff and been forced to acknowledge the superior technique of his paleface brothers. But since the only pureblooded Red Indian we ever knew personally was a rather precise and natty lawyer in New York State who read Proust and Valéry and collected first editions and Currier and Ives prints, we hardly like to lecture at large on the Red Man's psychology, especially as this lawyer's only love was Minnehayhay, or Laughing Tonic-Water.

Orbs

A PHOTOGRAPH in one of the dailies of the eyes of General Hideki ("Pearl Harbour") Tojo carried the caption: "The Hardest Eyes I Have Ever Seen," which



"He's not sulking this time; he's only waiting for his laundry"

seemed to us to argue that the boy responsible for this simplehearted judgment had never invited a West End show-girl to supper at Woolworth's.

A few weeks ago another impressionable inky boy described the eyes of Marshal Pétain as "sullen and shifty." We thought then, we still think, that this arises from mental comparison with the Ideal or Fleet Street Orb, which is steadfast, innocent, shining, and true, if slightly bloodshot at times. The truth being that eyes vary so constantly in expression that Helen of Troy's probably resembled bottled gooseberries (when in meditation) at one moment and little balls of fire (when annoyed) the next. We asked a Harley Street oculist why strong emotion (say, on seeing a hat) causes the eyes of some girls to burn or flame, while others merely go cross-eyed. He mumbled something in bastard Græco-Latin. We asked him if he ever found himself shot through by a dart of delicious happiness as he gazed into a pair of shy,

dewy orbs. He said yes, once, a marvellous case of blepharo-strabismic nodulism (if that was the word) or Guffin's Glaze.

Lid

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL is discarding its toppers, we observe; a decision at which a relative upstart like Eton (founded a hundred years later, and the Benedictines of Westminster had run the school some five centuries even before the foundation of 1339) would no doubt raise a cool eyebrow if it were not so *chic* nowadays to be destructive.

Only City bank-messengers and undertakers are left to carry on the topper tradition in London now, for the Fourth of June crop at Lord's and the Mayfair wedding-racket crop are mere exotics. Actually the topper is rather a vexing and silly hat, though never mean and bestial like the bowler. In its Regency origin it was far from unbeautiful; its curves were nobly sweeping and its beaver hide was thick and handsome. Then Progress got at it and the spacious baroque curves shrank away into a piffling smug little lid. The Machine Age later fitted M.P.s' toppers with little grilles or gratings for the hot air to get out. A chap we know affected one of this type for many years, hoping to catch Mr. Balfour's eye. At last, on the steps of the Carlton Club, the great man smiled and spoke to him. "Will you," he said with charming courtesy, "kindly call me a cab?"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



PRISCILLA IN PARIS

Les Grands Couturiers

DO.A.H.—I took a couple of days off, from things that really interest me, to make a hurried round of les grands couturiers. I fear I have an unfeminine indifference to la mode. Perhaps this is because I have reached an age when a "classic" tailor-made fits the ticket for all that I have to do when out of uniform in the daytime, and, at time o' writing, we have not yet stripped the backbone for evening parties. The "collections," however, are all showing the loveliest creations for when we do decide to go all draughty again, and if the colours are somewhat sombre after the flamboyant garments of last spring and summer, they are fascinating as to cut and design with their plain, simple lines and gorgeous materials. Whether these are rayon or the real thing it is difficult to determine at a glance, for the effect is rich and flowing and supple.

It is rumoured that this winter we shall be expected to dress for the Opera. One likes to think that this is more a threat than a promise, unless it is really true that we are to have more petrol and the permission to use our still dry-docked cars. I don't see how we would be able to take the Metro wearing any of the 1880 effects which touch the ground in front and trail in a train at the back. There is even a crinoline tendency. All very lovely, but "d'yer ever hear such nonsense?"

Shoulders are wider than ever and waists smaller by contrast (and by whalebone!). Skirts are just below the knee, and the vendeuses

might stray into the collection. Marcel Rochas uses a soft, blurry (this is not a swear word!) green-and-black tartan for a snug travelling coat—though where and how one can travel (in comfort) at present is a problem. Marcel Rochas is one of the younger of the grands couturiers, mais la valeur n'attend pas le nombre des années. As a side-line, he "dresses" many film-stars, and the success of the film *Falbalas*, which stages—or rather, "screens"—the coulisses of a famous dressmaking firm, is due as much to his technical advising as it is to Raymond Rouleau's acting. Mme. Rochas is one of the prettiest women in Paris, and they have two divine children.

Madeleine de Rauch has some lovely ensembles. Her sports clothes are world-famous. She has a knack of combining perfect chic with practical wear that is very comforting to those of us who cannot afford more than one suit for one purpose. Her evening frocks all have sleeves and draped décolletés that can be modified, more or less, high or low, to suit the occasion. Certain shades of russet and other autumnal tints are exquisite in colouring.

THE prices everywhere are tragic. A well-dressed woman can spend anything between eighteen and twenty thousand francs for a simple tailor-made. Coats run you into twenty or thirty thousand. Evening frocks scale between thirty and forty; add to this the various taxes that mount up to 39 per cent., and the demned unpleasant total is something to shudder at. The pity is, of course, that the women who can afford these prices look like nothing on earth, all the bumps usually being in the wrong place!

Ideal measurements, for those who want to boast about their figure, are as follows: Waist, 16 inches. We are to be wasp-like. Bust, 32. Curves are to be apparent. Hips, 36, and if this doesn't put the lid on the Black Market, what will? It's no fun being a woman. During the worst days of the food restrictions fashion required that we should put on flesh. Now that we may look forward to decent meals, we must take it off again. Tout est recommencement!

ANOTHER recommencement is the revival of *L'Aiglon* at the Théâtre du Chatelet. It is filling the immense theatre at every performance, and this is a matter for rejoicing. It is easy to sneer and call Edmond Rostand's verse "vers de mirliton," but when "Christmas



Awarded the Croix de Guerre

Miss Devreaux Rochester, who is a young well-known member of the pre-war Anglo-American colony in Paris, has been awarded the Croix de Guerre for her splendid work with the Resistance. She accomplished missions in Spain and Switzerland and was twice arrested by the Nazis.

cracker rhymes" (which is as good a translation as I can think of) have the effect that these verses have on a present-day audience, I'm all for them. There are too many lazy, loutish lads kicking their heels in Paris just now, too many "zazous," too many Saucy Sallies who seem to have no other conception of existence than one of utter self-indulgence. Black Market cigarettes, drinks, chocolates, best seats at the pictures, and, by hook or crook, let's keep out of uniform. Because it is almost impossible to obtain seats in the normal way, unless one books days in advance, these young people make it a point of honour (?) to get into the theatre whenever they decide to do so. How they manage it I don't know, or care. The point is that once they are there, trying to smoke in the stalls and boxes, noisily chewing sweets and generally making nuisances of themselves, it is curious to see how the play gets hold of them. Their pert little faces are easy to read as they realise that, after all, perhaps there is something to be said for patriotism, pride of race and the honour of serving one's country. And this, methinks, is all to the good.—PRISCILLA.



Man of Many Parts

Jean Cocteau, poet, essayist, novelist, caricaturist, stage designer and producer, is making a new film of which he is director, scenarist and dialogue writer. It is called "La Belle et La Bête." He is seen off the set with some of the cast and the star, Mila Parely

beg their customers, almost with tears in their eyes, to stop showing that most unlovely part of the female anatomy. Lucien Lelong's frocks are of soft, rich satin swathed tightly over the hips and falling in glossy folds from a pouf at the back, but I did not like his severe jackets reaching not quite to the knee and without the slightest waist-line, rather reminiscent of the Poiret coats of 1920. His fichus are charming, worn like cowboys' scarves in the daytime, but more voluminous and draped low on the shoulders for the evening. His tailored skirts are severely stove-pipe, but for "little frocks" they flare on the bias. Jean Patou has gone all out with plaids and tartans. Fascinating for young people with plenty of bawbees to spend on 'em, but hard work for the chameleon who



British Trade Minister Visits Paris Fair

Among a group of enthusiastic people at the Paris Fair were Mr. Marquand, of the British Trade Ministry, who was leaning over to examine some equipment during a tour of the Fair, and Lady Duff Cooper, wife of the British Ambassador in Paris, who was also taking a keen interest in the demonstration.



Mr. J. Laurier and Robertson Hare, with Ann between them, make a recording together for "Alice Through the Looking-Glass." Ann has to stand on a pedestal to reach the "mike"



Tommy Trinder and Ann have an impromptu script conference before making the new recording of "Alice Through the Looking-Glass"

Infant Prodigy

Little Ann Stephens, Stage, Film and Radio Star

● Ann Stephens began her career when she was nine years old as Alice in the gramophone recording of *Alice in Wonderland*. Other gramophone recordings followed, and she soon began to impress people that she was also a very clever little actress. Trained in dancing, acting and singing, her reputation grew steadily. She was given broadcasting assignments, her film and stage roles grew bigger and better, and she was taken under contract by H.M.V. To-day at fourteen she has appeared in many West End plays, and some of her latest film parts include "Scrap" in *Dear Octopus*, the child Fanny in *Fanny by Gaslight*, and Judith in *They Were Sisters*. Ann is the daughter of Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Lucien Stephens, and has one older sister at college, while her younger sister, Helen, appeared with her in *They Were Sisters*

Photographs by Pictorial Press



Ann and Her Two Skye Terriers Make a Happy Trio



Ann and Her Younger Sister, Helen, Walk to School

A Cricket Match in

"The Hills" Eleven Play "The Carse" at Scone Palace, Perth



Young Christopher Dawson was being given his tea by his mother, Mrs. H. Dawson, while Miss Angela Cayzer, Lady Cayzer of Kinpurnie's daughter, looked on



Some spectators who were comfortably ensconced under a tree were Mrs. William Broadhurst and Fiona Douglas-Hamilton, Lord and Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton's small daughter, and with her back to the tree is Mrs. Johnson



Mrs. Greville Stewart-Stevens of Balnakeilly, Major Charles Scott and Miss Pru Stewart-Wilson were following the cricket intently. Miss Stewart-Wilson is Mrs. Stewart-Stevens' daughter by a previous marriage

● The cricket match played at the Earl of Mansfield's lovely home, Scone Palace, between Lord Mansfield's eleven, "The Hills," and "The Carse," captained by Major Jimmie Drummond-Hay, was an exciting one, and the visiting team were the winners by only three runs. Scone Palace has been used as a girls' school during the war, and the family live at Logie House, Methven, not far away. Everybody had a very pleasant afternoon watching the cricket, and generally enjoyed themselves sitting about chatting to old friends under the shade of the great trees

Photographs by Brodrick Vernon



Major Jimmie Drummond-Hay, who had only just returned to his native Perthshire from the Far East, where he had been on active service with the Coldstream Guards, was discussing the form with the Duke of Rutland



Sir William Jardine of Applegirth's sister, Mrs. Charles Anderson, lent a hand at the refreshment buffet. Her husband, Lt.-Col. Anderson, played in "The Hills" XI.

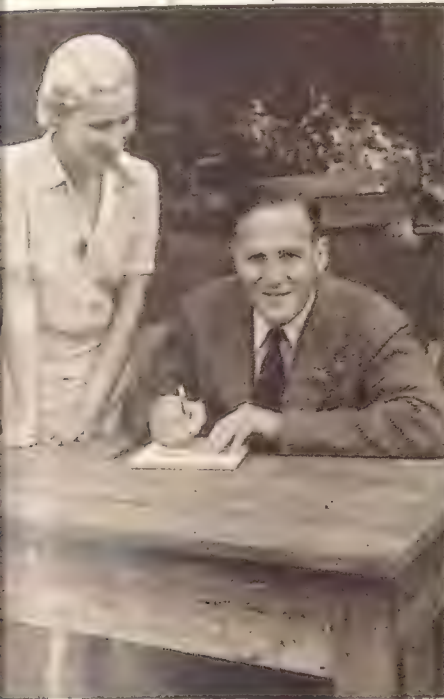


Mrs. Gordon Ramsay of Farleyer and (right) Lady Cayzer had a lot to say to each other when they met in the park at Scone Palace. Lady Cayzer is the chatelaine of Kinpurnie Castle

Highlands

erse" Eleven

re



Col. Frank Douglas kept the score at the Drummond-Hay—Mansfield cricket match, and Mrs. Douglas was there to help him



"The Hills" Eleven

The Earl and Countess of Mansfield were photographed with their eleven, "The Hills," who wore sprigs of juniper, the emblem of the Murray clan. On ground: Jocelyn Stewart-Stevens and Peter Tower. Sitting: Capt. Ralph Stewart-Wilson, the Countess of Mansfield, the Earl of Mansfield (captain), Blair Stewart-Wilson. Standing: Neill Ramsay, Lt.-Col. Charles Anderson, Viscount Stormont, John Douglas, Col. Tower of Fornab and the Duke of Rutland



"The Carse" Eleven

Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay is seen (centre) with her husband and members of his eleven, who were all resplendent in top-hats and sprigs of holly, the Drummond-Hay emblem. Front row: Douglas Mackintosh (Lady Jean Mackintosh's son), his cousin Malcolm Drummond-Hay, David Walter, J. Lassiter and Ewan Davidson. Back row: Francis Scott-Pearce, Lt. Robert de Pass, Richard Leach, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, Major Jimmie Drummond-Hay, Ian McKellar, Col. J. G. McKellar and Keir McKellar



Two small girls were Lady Malvina Murray, with a sprig of juniper in her hair, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, and the Hon. Fiona Douglas-Hamilton, Lord and Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton's daughter

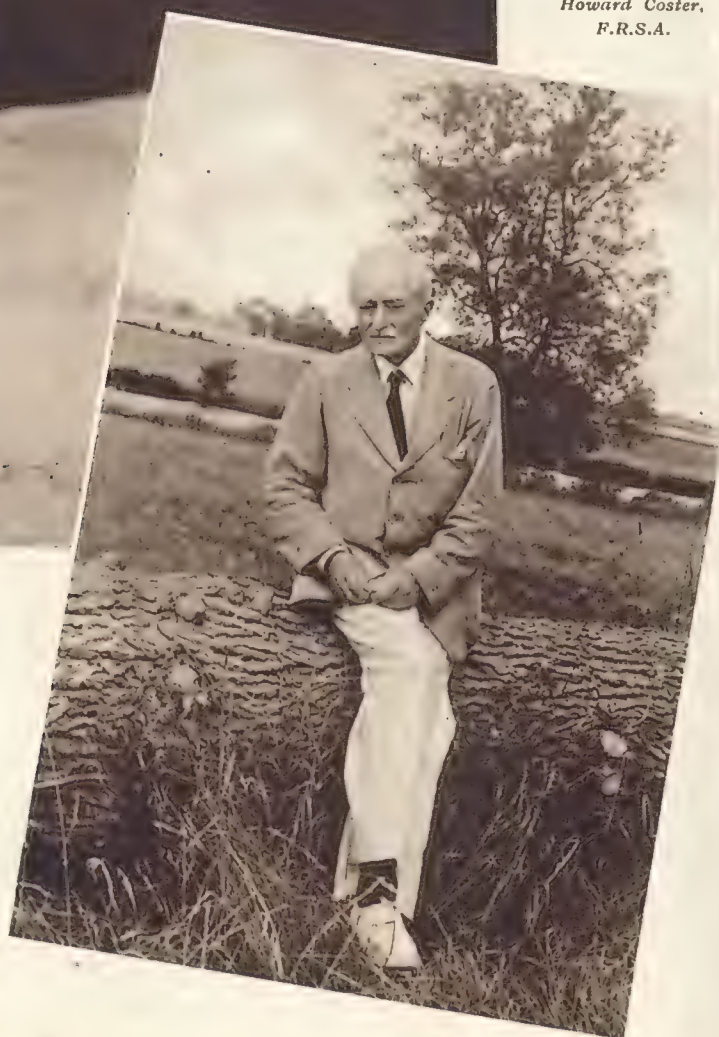


*Photographs by
Howard Coster,
F.R.S.A.*

The Poet Laureate

Dr. John Masfield, Citizen of the World,
Sailor and Poet

● John Masfield, the Poet Laureate since 1930, has led an adventurous life. Born at Ledbury in 1874 and orphaned at an early age, he attended the local school until love of the sea proved too strong and he ran away to serve three years' apprenticeship in a merchant ship. With five dollars capital, he started life in New York, living along the water-front and taking any odd job that came along, bar-tending and dish-washing amongst them. Back in England, he met Constance Cherois-Crommelin, sister of the well-known astronomer, to whom he was married in 1903. His most recent poem is dedicated to the R.A.F. It ends with these words: "Whatever threatens us as peace begins, We know that Brotherhood and Hope are powers, And you have shown that he who has them wins"





Northamptonshire and Surrey at Hastings: the Two County Cricket Teams Who Beat the Australians

Northamptonshire and Surrey are the only two County cricket teams to beat the Australian Services' Cricket XI, this season. Northamptonshire were the winners, with five wickets in hand. Sitting: J. E. Timms, the Hon. L. R. White, P. E. Murray-Willis (captain), J. Webster, D. Brookes. Standing: M. Scott (umpire), J. Eggar, M. W. Greenwood, J. A. R. Oliver, R. J. Partridge, K. A. Black, E. White

Surrey, on winning the toss, batted first and declared their innings closed at 145 runs for eight wickets, with L. B. Fishlock, the England Test player, scoring 53 runs. Sitting: L. B. Fishlock, A. R. Gover, H. M. Garland Wells (captain), E. A. Watts, T. M. Barling. Standing: B. Constable, B. D. Wix, A. C. Gadsby, G. Smith, C. Whitworth, G. Mobey, H. Strudwick (scorer)

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

Young Sires

THE decisions taken to retire Borealis and Ocean Swell to the stud will be applauded by all those who hold the conviction that it is the wisest course to pull up while you are galloping, rather than to wait until the works run down and stop without any assistance! Both these fine young horses have amply proven their worth on the turf; neither has been over-raced, and they go to that ease and dignity, which is the just reward of good breeding. Of the wisdom of retiring them young, there has never been any question, and if we are in search of monuments to this fact, we have not to look round for very long. I cite you two leading cases—Blue Peter, a brilliant success, and Big Game, only slightly less so. Blue Peter's relegation to the stud as a three-year-old before he had time to win the Leger of 1939, which assuredly he must have done, was caused by the exigencies of war, and was at that time regarded by many as a misfortune. In actual fact, it has proved a blessing in disguise. Dante, as is now announced, is to be retired at the end of this season, and will not run in the Champion Stakes, and this, again, may be a boon. He must have won this year's Leger; he ought to have won the Two Thousand; he won the Derby quite comfortably. There is no more room for doubt as to his quality than there was in the case of Blue Peter, and in the cases of Borealis and Ocean Swell. There is a very true old saying that there is no occasion for a good man to jump a fence to show that he can sit on. The leading case of an early retirement is, of course, that of The Tetrarch.

From the Fighting Fifth

A FIELD OFFICER, who insists upon remaining anonymous, though I think that most would not be able to withstand the lure of having their name linked with a regiment with such a grand record, writes me the following interesting letter from somewhere near Trieste, so I gather, for even now no one seems to be allowed to say where he is! Q.E.A. It is all about our friend the Radio Padre and the late George Lambton's steeplechasing adventures. Brig-Gen. the Hon. Charles Lambton commanded the 2nd Battalion the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers; George Lambton used to be in the Sherwood Foresters. Here, however, is the officer's letter:

It is not my custom to clutter up the mail bag of busy correspondents, but two adjacent paragraphs in your article of August 1st interested me so much that I feel I must mention them. The first paragraph referred to the Radio Padre. Selby-Wright has been with this division since March, when we were sitting upon the top of the Apennines, and since then it is impossible to express how valuable his assistance has been to its units. His address on the occasion of the VE Thanksgiving Service will always be remembered by all who heard it, and my only regret is that it was not broadcast, so there is no permanent record of it. In the next paragraph you refer to the late George Lambton. I wonder if you noticed that only a few weeks before his death we lost Sir Albert Whitaker, known to all his friends



Mrs. Ronald Hardman

Mrs. Ronald Hardman is the wife of the well-known golfer F/Lt. Ronald Hardman, who has played for Great Britain and England, and was captain of the Birkdale Golf Club before the war. For the last six years Mrs. Hardman has worked voluntarily for the Y.M.C.A.



D. R. Stuart

British Davis Cup Player and His Family

S/Ldr. John Olliff, seen with his wife and their small daughter Anita, has been working in the Air Ministry throughout the war. He met his wife, who is a Swede, on one of his many tennis tours in pre-war days

as "Curly," at the age of eighty-four. Sir Albert was the owner of Hollington, which gave George Lambton his bad fall at the Pay Gate fence in 1892, and the story of how they won two consecutive Grand Military Gold Cups with Hollington and Ormerod is, I think, told in G. L.'s books. Lady Whitaker wrote to me the other day and mentioned that only four of that generation of 5th Fusiliers are still going, Brig-Gen. Charles Lambton, Hollington's usual jockey, of course, being one of them. They must have been a great team in the battalion in those days, and it is not given to every infantry regiment to secure two Grand Military Gold Cups and two Infantry Polo Cups at Hurlingham in ten years. You ought to come out and visit these parts and do a bit of racing in Italy and Austria. It is great fun.

A Cavalry Gymkhana

DESPITE the fact that it was deemed necessary in the 1939-45 war to put all our cavalry on castors, a measure which was not so drastically carried out by other nations, the old spirit evinced itself in the way they fought their light tanks, and it has survived now that this truce, called peace, has arrived. The love for

(Concluded on page 20)

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

the horse is just as strong in the cavalry, and the following communiqué, kindly furnished by the Ministry of Information (Military Affairs) concerning a recent gymkhana, organised by the 15th/19th Hussars in Schleswig-Holstein, is good supporting evidence of what has just been advanced:

The conversion of many famous British Cavalry Regiments into armoured units has in no way impaired the interest of the Army in horses, and most regiments carrying out occupational duties in Germany have now got their own stables, stocked mainly with ex-German Army horses. Naturally, the interest is greatest among the former cavalry regiments, but it is by no means confined to them, and many infantry regiments can boast of fine stables and



David Gurney

Two Horsewomen

Capt. George Maxwell, who is in the Grenadier Guards, and his family were photographed at the house of his parents, R/Adml. Sir Wellwood and Lady Maxwell. With him is his elder daughter Mary, aged four, who is on the pony, while Mrs. Maxwell is the other rider



Cricket in Germany: British Naval C.-in-C. Germany v. 64th Medium Regt. R.A.

It was a Naval Occasion on the border of the British and Russian zones in Germany when the staff of Admiral Sir Harold Burrough came home victorious. On ground: R.S.M. Coleman, Capt. Bailey, Bombardier Williams, Sergt. James, Gnr. Robins. Front row: Capt. Meredith, Cdr. Stoke-Rees, R.N., Major McClure, Cpts. Ellerton, Greig, Lt.-Cdr. Culme Seymour, R.N., Lt. Parsons. Middle row: Lt. Stubbs, Gnrs. Holland, Waite, Cpts. Cole, R.M., Bonsfield, Major Hind, Lt.-Cdr. Karmonski, Lt. Dyer, Lt.-Cdr. Wood. Back row: Cpls. Collman, Leach, Wigginton, L/Sig. Wood, Marine Foster

good horsemanship. With the idea of fostering this growing interest, the 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars recently organised a gymkhana and sports at their headquarters at Kappeln in Schleswig-Holstein, but even they were taken completely by surprise by the enthusiasm with which the idea was adopted by units from the surrounding districts. Entries for many of the events had to be closed days before the gymkhana took place, and on the day itself 142 horses were entered by twenty-seven different units. The standard of riding was good and the scene rivalled in brilliance many an English gymkhana. Most popular of all was the Handy Hunter class, for which there were fifty-four entries, and which was won by Captain H. L. Cooper, D.C.M., of 4th R.H.A., after tying initially with Gunner Camwell of the same regiment. The open jumping was won by Major W. Q. Fitzgerald (H.Q. 22nd Armoured Brigade), and the local jumping by Lieut. The Earl of Harrington (15th/19th Hussars).

Lord Harrington's father was also in the 15th Hussars. He was master of the hounds, which bear his name, hunted them himself and died from the effects of a bad fall he got when doing it. He was a very nice horseman, played polo more than average well, as he was almost bound to do, coming from a regiment which has given us so many of top class: "Rattle" Barrett, who captained the 1914 successful international team, Giles Courage, Denis Bingham, Nigel Livingstone-Learmonth, J. G. Leaf, W. R. N. Hinde, T. J. Arnott, to mention just a few at random. Perhaps after the fine show put up by the Russian cavalry in the late war, the Powers As Be may be set wondering. Atomic bombs or not, who knows? The Brains Trust experts were thoroughly cheerful about this new shell when they returned to us the other night. Incidentally, it was the British scientists, not the Americans, who did the trick.



"Men of Arnhem": by "Mel"

Officers of the Parachute Regiment recently held a reunion at the XIX. Club in London. In the above group are some who were taken prisoners at Arnhem, and between them they have been awarded many decorations. They are Capt. J. Timothy, M.C., Capt. A. M. Frank, M.C., Major D. E. Crawley, M.C., "Landlord" Leonard Gullick, Lt.-Col. J. D. Frost, D.S.O., M.C., Major Pete Kruffy, known to the Parachute Regiment as "Pete of Arnhem," a Dutchman who did a marvellous job of driving wounded British through the German lines, and Capt. F. K. Hoyer-Millar, M.C. They hope to have an annual reunion at the club on Arnhem Day



Miss Jean Hope-Johnstone, Mrs. Andrew Levins-Moore, Mr. Maxwell Arnott and Mrs. Patrick Cannon were watching the runners going out for the Raheny 'Chase. Mrs. Cannon's husband has been appointed a director of the new Irish National Stud



The Hon. Mrs. Ogilvy, with her trainer, Mr. Tony Riddell-Martin, and jockey, R. Quinlan, were talking in the saddling enclosure before the Mooresfort Plate. Mrs. Ogilvy's Charles's Wain was third in the race

Baldoyle Races

And Some of the Spectators

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

● The race of the day at Baldoyle was the Mooresfort Plate, won by Lorella, owned by Mr. A. P. Reynolds, with Mr. J. McVey's Sartorial second, and the Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy's Charles's Wain third. Other winners were Sir Thomas Ainsworth's Somerled, in the Raheny 'Chase, and Cool Customer in the Sutton Hurdle

Right: Mr. John Doran, the well-known Irish racehorse owner and amateur rider, was with the Hon. Faith French, who is a daughter of the sixth Lord De Freyne and a sister of the present baron



Studying their race-cards were the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley and Mr. Delmege. The Hon. Mrs. Wellesley is a sister of Viscountess Jocelyn, and is a very well-known breeder of bloodstock. Mr. Delmege was a very successful amateur rider in pre-war days



G/Capt. Piers Kelly, R.A.F., brought his recent bride, Mrs. Piers Kelly, was, before her marriage, Miss Pamela Mooney, the daughter of Capt. W. McCartan Mooney, of Menloe, Ballsbridge, Dublin



Major R. Stirling-Stuart, Scots Greys, with Miss Eve Hallam, watched his horse Cool Customer win the Sutton Hurdle Race by a head from Mrs. P. Pleydell-Bouverie's Life-Saver

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Elizabeth Bowen

The Making of a Monster

IN *Final Score* (published here by Eyre and Spottiswoode at 9s.) America sends us another remarkable novel—the first from the pen of Warren Beck. This is the story of the rise and fall of an American hero, a boy from “the wrong side of the tracks” in a mid-Western city. Bill Hutten is product, and victim, of the “star” system. He shoots into fame, in a day, as a college footballer; he is publicised, glamorised and exploited first by big business, then by political interests. His success-career is meteoric and, humanly, barren. His birth has been obscure; his death is hushed up. Is such a life-story, you may ask, worth telling? That, to my mind, depends upon the vision of the teller. In this case, emphatically yes.

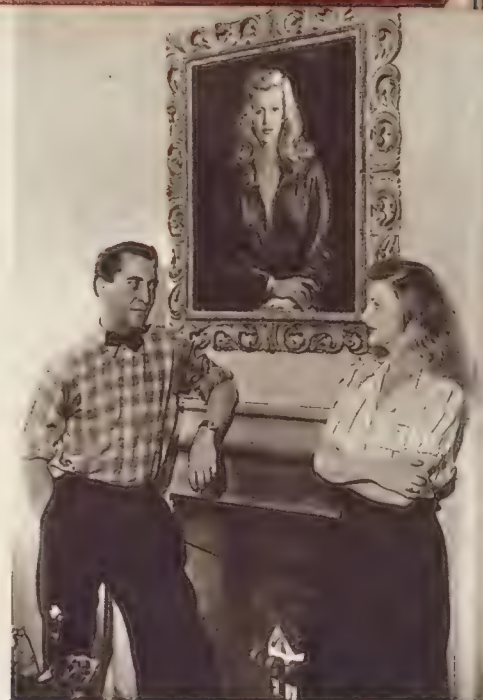
Hutten, by Mr. Beck's showing, is not negligible. At the best, even in his “unspoiled” days, he has nothing so fresh or positive as innocence; soon, potentially, he is an ugly figure. Large-framed, with a face perennially youthful from sheer blankness, its only expression a lowering, baffled frown, Hutten is just the type to be whittled into the idol one kind of public wants. He is German-American, son of a factory foreman; he has gone to college—who knows from what obscure hopes of advancement; certainly from no love of things of the mind—without his father's good will. Monroe, his birthplace and the principal profiter by his triumphs, is, I should say, an absolutely typical Middle West American city—isolationist even where the rest of America is concerned. Monroe's success-standards and social rulings are self-regarding, but, at the same time, implacable. Here, iron eats into the soul of the Little Man. And Hutten, himself the child of Monroe's petty suburbia, sets himself up to be the Little Man's sponsor and champion. So, it may be recollected, did, in the first place, Hitler.

Puppet?

How far did Hutten think this up for himself, in reply to some craving inside his nature? How far was the role forced upon him by cleverer and infinitely unscrupulous people? In *Final Score* we are told nothing directly; the facts are presented to us—in a succession of scenes from the football star's life—and we are left to think for ourselves. Also, there is little direct narration: the story runs, like a cable, under the conversation of two intelligent onlookers—Monroe men, a journalist and a young lawyer. The journalist, Parker, had been Hutten's publicity agent; and, as such, probably knew the dumb, puzzled and turgid celebrity better than anyone else. Parker had more than watched, he had diagnosed—with an odd blend of sympathy and cynicism—each phase of Hutten's fabricated career.

This indirect method, with its infinite subtle possibilities, transmutes what might have been a dismal or brutal story into very fine art. In fact, I don't think the publishers are at fault in mentioning Henry James in this connection. A hero (if Hutten can so be called) who does not know himself, and whom nobody likes enough, for his own sake, to trouble to get to know, is never an easy proposition for a novelist. He presents, at any rate, a big challenge, which only a big novelist will take up. (Perhaps that is why so much mediocre fiction, in the attempt to be highbrow, gives us highly articulate, hyper-self-conscious heroes and heroines: they are less trouble.) Mr. Beck builds up for the reader, with fine touches, Hutten's at once bulky and hollow form.

But no—not quite hollow. Hutten is man enough, human enough in constituents of the soul, to be capable of being charged with dangerous power. He is spoken of, by the end, of having a sort of cancer of the mind. And just such a cancer has formed in, and fattened on, other synthetic celebrities. Genius, I claim, has its own inherent health. Hutten was no genius: he was a puppet fabricated, and in the process inflated to vast size, to serve other people's interests. As an athlete, he might have enjoyed a superb simplicity. Seeds of weakness—



Vasco Lazzolo, the thirty-one-year-old British artist, whose portraits have been exhibited in the Royal Academy for several years, has just married Miss Joy Frankau, who is the eldest daughter of Ronald Frankau, and niece of Gilbert Frankau, the novelist. They are standing under Mr. Lazzolo's portrait of his wife

which, had he been left in obscurity, would not have mattered—made him, ultimately, dangerous to the community. *Final Score*, in short, is a study of Fascism in the making.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I HAVE just added Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to the list of

those I should like to know if Time didn't really exist, and one could go backward and forward in it at will. Briefly, I have been re-reading some of her famous Letters, and am once again astounded at the wisdom she showed even as a young girl; especially in human relationship—that problem which most of us fail to solve until nobody wants to be related to us at all and only puts up with us benevolently because—well, it can't be long now.

Take this, for example: “Almost all people are apt to run into a mistake, that when they once feel or give a passion, there needs nothing to entertain it.” Or again: “There is one article absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. . . . When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer.”

Certainly Lady Mary was faced by a knotty but very common problem. Whereas she wrote often, he only wrote at long intervals. And most women would prefer a lover to mutter “Oh, bother!” but sit down to write, than rest his tired limbs and become lost in a reverie about her beauty. In which she is quite right. For when once two people have lost touch with their separate lives they begin to lose touch with each other. Love and friendship must have contact if Time, plus human nature, are not going to dim both. Just as few men can endure to be bored, so few women can endure the least evidence of being taken for granted. Failure to avoid either, or both, is probably the cause of the 20,000 divorces which give the Law such a splitting headache. To be loved—or, anyway, what passes so often for love—is comparatively easy. It's a colossal difficulty to keep it. It requires such a subtle, yet strenuous effort to preserve the illusion of novelty when one is as familiar as the

hatstand. Everything in marriage is against it—including snores.

But to descend from being treated as an unique specimen in the human species to being beloved, as old slippers, isn't an easy descent. If only poets and song-writers sang less about how beautiful we look to-night, and more about how thrilling it is to share the same taste in pig-rearing—or whatever the main interests in life may be—there would be fewer husbands asking themselves why they did it and wives knowing the answer, but saying nothing. For, without real companionship, the most luxurious home can easily resemble lodgings—without the ability to give notice on either side. In the ultimate happiness, persons count so much more than places.

I don't know how the marriage of Lady Mary and Wortley Montagu turned out, but if Horace Walpole's acrid description of her as “that old, foul, tawdry, plastered personage in Hanover Square” is anything to go by, I imagine that the loneliness of her inner-life must have at last embittered her—as it embitters many of us. People can grow together, develop and blossom as one, but they must have the same mental and moral roots. To be tied isn't nearly enough. And if there is little between people except a tie, life can become a horrid mixture of incipient revolt or unproductive self-pity.

I sometimes like to think that the After Life begins exactly where the present life leaves off. And works backwards! It would be nice to get younger and more beautiful every day; in love, to begin, so to speak, by being told not to talk such damned nonsense and end by having every inane remark received in ecstasy. On the other hand, it would be devastating to become sillier and sillier. Though I am not quite sure that that is any worse than becoming wiser and wiser with nothing to do with our wisdom.

Not Only American

INVOLUNTARILY, the best—which is to say, the most original and truthful—American novelists must seem to do their country a disservice in the eyes of the Old World. There is a tendency on the part of the British reader to feel, smugly, “Well, that could not happen here.” The hyper-sophistication of New York, the Puritan neurosis of New England, the colour prejudices of the deep South and the high-flying city politics of the Middle West are, it is true, all equally far from us. Britain, we may say, does not live at this pitch. And the “star” system, with its seething commercial interests, as pictured in *Final Score*, may seem to us as foreign as it is shocking.

I feel that, in appraising any American novel—both as a novel and as a picture of America—there are two points, always, to keep in mind. One: that America exhibits, in an extreme and advanced form, maladies of the twentieth century which are not, unhappily, peculiar to herself; one might, in fact, call the U.S.A. our psychological weather quarter. It is not expedient to be reminded that seven devils may inhabit the labour-saving home; and that a materially “good” standard of living is not always synonymous with a complete sanity. And, two: that American novelists, of the first rank, have a strange, antiseptic, surgical way of handling the societies they describe; they burn for truth; they

(Concluded on page 24)

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Wellings — Rogers

Dr. Douglas P. Wellings, R.N., of Birmingham, married Miss Merle Halcyon Rogers, R.N.S., eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. J. Rogers, of Bombay, and Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, at St. Mary's Church, Ajmer, India



Howard — Bishop

Mason, Doncaster

Capt. Alan P. Howard, R.E., son of the late Mr. A. E. Howard and of Mrs. Howard, of 68, Chase Court Gardens, Enfield, and grandson of Sir William Pryke, Lord Mayor of London in 1925, married Miss Joan Bishop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bishop, of the Ridgeway, Enfield



Reed — Fry

Surg.-Lt. Peter Reed, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Reed, of Derbyshire, married Miss Beryl Kathleen Fry, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fry, of Doncaster, Yorkshire, at Doncaster Parish Church



Pattison — Witherington

Marchant, Haywards Heath

Lt.-Col. Philip Ryder Pattison, M.B.E., Bombay Grenadiers, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pattison, of 71, Cromwell Road, S.W., married Miss Diana Iltyd Gage Witherington, W.A.A.F., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Witherington, of Summer Plat, Haywards Heath, at St. Wilfrid's, Haywards Heath



Newell — Dare

S/Ldr. J. N. Newell, R.A.F., son of Mr. S. H. Newell, of Warren Point, Co. Down, Northern Ireland, married Miss Eileen Dare, only daughter of Mr. W. L. Dare, Commissioner of Income Tax for West Africa, and Mrs. Dare, of Accra, Gold Coast, West Africa, and 32, Gilda Court, N.W.7



Moore — Tennyson

Major David R. Moore, younger son of Canon and Mrs. Moore, of Woodford Green, Essex, married Miss Eleanor Rachel Tennyson, who is a niece of the Earl of Perth, and daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. A. Tennyson, of the Grange, Ingrave, Brentwood, Essex



Boote — Kittle

Lt. James Sproson Boote, R.E., son of the late Mr. W. H. Boote and of Mrs. A. L. Boote, of Port Sunlight, married Miss Jean Kittle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Kittle, of Lowestoft, and Barton Court, W.14, at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington



Hardiman — Roger

Major John Hardiman, R.E., son of the late Lt.-Col. H. J. Hardiman and of Mrs. Hardiman, of Exeter, married Miss Margaret Gwendoline Winton Roger, Senior Commander A.T.S., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Roger, of West Croft, Sonning Common



Lawson — Nash

W/Cdr. I. N. D. Lawson, D.F.C., R.A.F., son of the late Mr. Lawson and of Mrs. Lawson, of Mill Hill, London, married Miss D. J. G. Nash, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Nash, of Fourways, Sandhurst, at St. Michael's, Sandhurst

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 8)

joined the party at this table with a brother-officer in the Coldstream Guards, and Mrs. Tenison also brought several young people.

At another table a cheery young party included Lord Fisher's youngest daughter Barbara, in a pale crepe dress, with Miss Ursula Parkin and the Hon. Sheila Butler, both in gaily-printed dresses. Their escorts, who were all in khaki, were Mr. Michael Stevens, Capt. Innes Watson and Mr. Denison—another young man who I noticed had a splendid show of "ribbons." Miss Elizabeth Batten, who is always in great demand at all dances, was looking charming in a filmy lace dress, and in another party I saw Capt. Littlejohn Cook, only son of Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, founder and chairman of the All-Services Canteen Club, who has been a prisoner of war in Germany for the last few years and was only released this summer by Allied forces.

Flashbacks to Scotland

THERE was very little entertaining on the grand scale in Scotland this summer, and most of the house-parties were made up of members of the family. At Dunrobin, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland entertained the Duchess's brother-in-law and sister, Capt. and Mrs. Sydney Emmanuel, and their small son, who is a great friend of his cousin, Michael Dunkeley, the Duchess's son by her previous marriage. Other guests at Dunrobin were Lord and Lady Jowitt, and during this visit the Duke gave a large dinner-party, inviting representative people in the county and people on the various councils to meet the Lord Chancellor.

Sir Victor and Lady Fortune, who are still living in the house on Lord Forteviot's estate, Dupplin Castle, near Perth, which Lady Fortune occupied the whole time her famous husband was a prisoner of war, had their younger daughter, Jean, to stay; she was married in the spring to Capt. Vaughan, in the Welsh Guards. Their only son, Bruce, was also able to visit them. He was badly wounded while serving with the Black Watch in Europe, and is now on Lord Wavell's staff, and flew back from India with the Viceroy when he came home to have talks with the Government in August.

Family Party

MR. AND MRS. KENNETH HUNTER once again had a family party at their home in Perthshire. Their elder daughter, Lady Munro, brought her two small children and was joined for a short time by her husband, Sir Torquil Munro, but he was too busy with the harvest on their home farm to be away from Drumleys for long. Their younger daughter, Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch, was also staying there with her husband, who was on leave, and her children.

Major and Mrs. Cecil Drabble were up together at their lovely place in Sutherland, Ben Moor, near Lairg, for the first time for four years, as Major Drabble has been serving in the Middle East. Their visitors included his brother-in-law and sister, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Nigel Weatherall, and their small nephew, William Weatherall. Other visitors were the young Duke of Northumberland, who is a very good shot, and Major and Mrs. Judd, who live in the Whaddon country. Down near Pitlochry, at Faskally, Mrs. Foster had her younger son, William, and his wife and two little sons staying with her. The younger grandson is only a few months old and was making his first visit out of his own home. Faskally, with its glorious surroundings, is seriously threatened by the proposed hydro-electric scheme in this part of the country which will lose many famous beauty spots if the scheme is brought into force.



Wedding at the Russian Church in London

Miss Sherry Taylor, daughter of Lt. John Taylor, R.N., and Mrs. Taylor, was married recently at the Russian Church, Buckingham Palace Road, London, to Mr. Leo Van de Velde. Left: The bride and bridegroom are seen leaving the church. Right: Two guests at the wedding were Mr. Arthur Riscoe, the well-known comedy actor, who was giving his famous grin, and Mrs. Volpe

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 22)

desire the truly good, and, roughly speaking, they do not care what they say. In writing about America, they explore awkward corners; they pull open skeleton-filled cupboards. The frankest of our British novelists are, always, more discreet. If not always flattering, they are, *au fond*, tactful. We like them better so.

Education

"EDUCATION TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW," edited and introduced by R. W. Moore, Headmaster of Harrow (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), is an admirable collection of essays by specialists in different branches of education. Originally, this was a series of lectures delivered before the Royal Society of Arts during the session extending from autumn 1943 to spring 1944. Mr. R. A. Butler, inaugurating the series, said: "We are in the vanguard of social reform, and education is leading the way; the public, through its many organisations and institutions, is proving worthy of this historic moment . . . and I am satisfied that the necessary momentum is gathering way behind the educational proposals of the Government."

These proposals [Mr. Moore adds in his Preface] have now, since that time, substantially become law; but they represent, as is generally acknowledged, only a beginning. The papers published in this volume are calculated not only to illuminate the "historic moment," but to point to the future. In them will be found under their several heads an exposition of the stages by which the English educational system has reached its present complex form, a statement of ideals and a vision of some of the reforms which will be needed if our children are to be provided with the fuller and deeper education on the efficacy of which the future of our society will largely depend.

As an opening, to P. R. Morris, C.B.E., M.A., formerly Director of Education, Kent, has been allotted what he calls the sober task of describing what is: he writes on English Education of to-day. Mrs. G. M. Goldsworthy gives a pictorial, practical picture of Nursery Schools; and R. N. Armfelt, formerly Secretary for Education, Devon, contributes one of the book's most pleasing and feeling essays: "Primary Schools." He depicts, without gloss, the more old-fashioned rural type, still in existence all over the country, with high-up Gothic windows, noisy board floors, uncomfortable desks, inadequate space, and more than defective ventilation and heating. This picture, he says, may be found depressing; he wonders why it has never depressed him more. He says: "I reach the conclusion that I am more impressed by the spirit of the school than by its equipment and management. Of this spirit, I should say that it is usually gentle, kindly and sane. It is certain that, however much achievement may have lagged behind aspiration since 1870, the spirit in the schools has grown in liberalism and humanity."

Advances

IN "Secondary Schools for Girls," Miss E. Strudwick, O.B.E., M.A., High Mistress of St. Paul's Girls' School, speaks for the more attractive and realistic side of feminine education; and takes a long-term view. Her essay also embodies some lively criticisms of the Education Act. Hugh Lyon, M.C., M.A., Headmaster of Rugby, gives distinguished expression to much that has needed saying in "The Future and Function of the Boarding School"—attention should go to his argument on page 81. "Technical Education" and "The Training of the Teacher" have been dealt with, respectively, by J. Paley Yorke, O.B.E., M.Sc., and E. R. Hamilton, M.A., B.Sc. "Army Education" is followed by "Adult Education," by Sir R. W. Livingstone. Particular note should go to two essays that break new ground: "School Broadcasting," by A. C. Cameron, M.C., M.A., Secretary, Central Council for School Broadcasting; and "Visual Education," by R. W. Moore.

Almost all the essays have Postscripts, bringing the different subjects up to immediate date—necessary at a time when things move so fast. And a "Summary," by R. W. Holland, O.B.E., M.A., connects, at the end, the series, and comments on several of the points raised. . . . *Education To-day and To-morrow*, as the work of experts speaking in simple language, is much to be recommended to the straightforward reader who suspects empty theorising and wants applied facts.

Our Newspapers

NEWSPAPER reading—come war, come peace—is an ingrained national habit. It is, on the whole, surprising how little most of us know of the evolution and background of our good friends. In *British Journalists and Newspapers* ("Britain in Pictures" Series, Collins; 4s. 6d.) Derek Hudon—himself a journalist in the high tradition—gives us an excellent summary of the past. The newspaper, like so many other of our institutions, owes its evolution to outstanding personalities: progress on from the original "courants" and "intelligencers" of the seventeenth century is marked by a series of milestone portraits. A pioneer was Nathaniel Butter. With Muddiman set in a more nearly modern phase; but not till Queen Anne's reign did things really get moving. Unhappily, journalism was for too long distorted by political violence: one had more views than news. "The dailies" came comparatively late on the scene. Wilkes, battler for the freedom of the Press, occupies several interesting pages of Mr. Hudson's, and to Thomas Barnes, Woodfall and Perry he allots well-deserved space. We have, too, the life history of *The Times*, and attention goes to the major provincial papers. The growth of war reporting—with the great Crimean despatches of W. H. Russell—is traced. On the whole, British journalism has lived up to the ideals stated by C. P. Scott, of *The Manchester Guardian*: "Fundamentally it implies honesty, cleanness, courage, fairness, and a sense of duty to the reader and to the community."



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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A MAN applied at a foundry for a job and was interviewed by the works overseer.

"What have you done before?" was one of the first questions put to the applicant.

"I was a milkman," he replied.

"And what wages did you get?"

"They used to pay me three pounds ten a week and my milk," answered the applicant.

The overseer reflected for a moment.

"All right," he said, "You might be useful. Come along in and we'll give you four pounds ten a week and wean you into the bargain."

AN American soldier went round telling every one that he had always heard the English were fools, and now he knew it.

It seems that in the remote countryside of Oxfordshire he was given a lift in a pony trap by one of our retired colonels. Every hundred yards or so the colonel took a pinch of powder from a packet and threw it on the road behind. He gave no explanation and at last the mystified American asked what it was.

"Anti-lion powder," replied the old warrior briskly.

"I don't know much about England," said the soldier, "but surely there aren't any lions in Oxfordshire?"

The colonel fixed him with a steady stare.

"No, there are not," he said. Then he added: "It's just as well because this anti-lion powder is no dam' good."

REPORTING a cruiser's launching at Newport News, Virginia, the *Wisconsin Telegram* said: "Taking the bottle of champagne in both hands and swinging it like a veteran, Mrs. Hatch started the *Duluth* on its journey auspiciously."

A STORY from the U.S.:

An A.A.F. captain, returning from Burma, arrived in Florida and met his first W.A.C. officer, a major. He tossed her a snappy salute and proceeded on his way. He was stopped short by the major's sharp "Captain!"

"That's scarcely the proper uniform for an officer in the Army Air Forces to be wearing!" she declared, eyeing his short sleeves and turned-down collar with distaste. "Don't you follow regulations?"

"Sorry, ma'am," he replied politely. "I just got back from Burma, and I do not have any other clothes."

This didn't satisfy the lady, so she continued to reprimand him. When she finished, he saluted again and started on his way. A few steps off, he turned and called: "Major! Your slip is showing!"

A MAN whose job in life was a tea blender was getting married. The staff of his firm sent a suitable telegram: "Success to the lifelong blend."

The post office made one of its rare trip-ups and the telegram was delivered: "Success to the lifelong blind."



Sally Anne Howes, seventeen-year-old daughter of actor-comedian Bobby Howes, is in the current thriller at the Gaumont, Haymarket, "Dead of Night." It is three years since she made her first picture, "Thursday's Child," in which she won a starring role out of three hundred schoolgirl applicants. Her latest portrait by Dulcie Lambrick is included in the artist's Exhibition of Portraits and Child Studies open at the Brook Street Art Gallery till the 13th of this month

AT lunch one day a customer jokingly asked his waitress if she reported her tips on her income tax return. "Of course not," she indignantly replied. "That would be double taxation."

"How do you make it out?" asked the customer.

"Well," she replied, "you have paid a tax on the money you give tips, and if I were to pay on what I receive, then I would be paying a tax twice on the same money."

HE was charged with begging.

"I'm not a lazy man, sir," he pleaded. "I wait when I can get work. I've been out of a job."

"Look at his hands, sergeant," said the magistrate.

The police-sergeant examined the prisoner's hands.

"It's a long time since this man did any work, sir," he said, critically. "His hands are as soft as mine."

NOR all singing in operas is done on the stage, conductors occasionally following along in the orchestra.

One night, while conducting at the Metropolitan in New York, Sir Thomas Beecham sang more loudly than usual, to the distraction of the singers. After the performance one of them rashly remarked: "You were in good voice tonight, Sir Thomas."

"Well," retorted Beecham, "someone had to sing the damned opera!"

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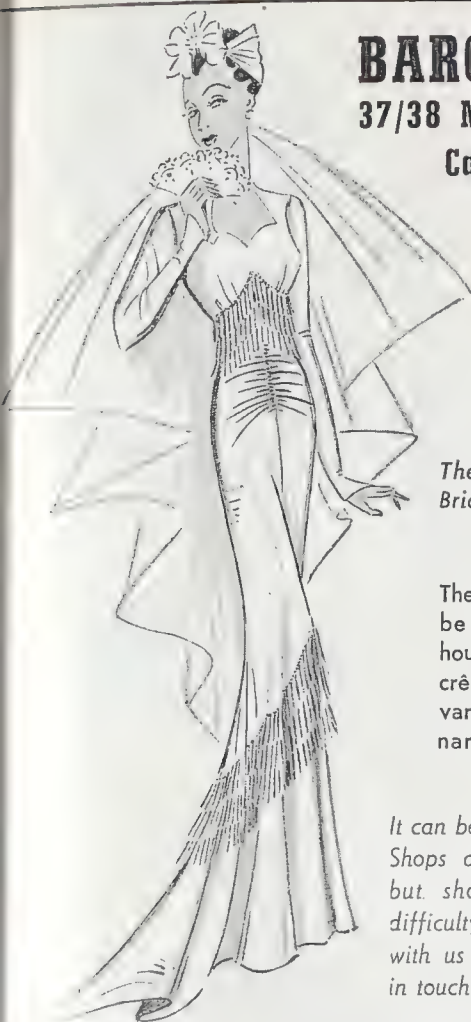
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Japanese Aviation

WHEN the B.B.C. announcer, in horrified tones, revealed that one of the Japanese atrocities was to pack eighteen people into a single railway compartment, I was not impressed because I had that morning travelled up to London in a compartment into which eighteen people had been packed. And I had often done so before. That is the trouble with the stories of atrocities. An extremely detailed and objective statement of exactly what happened is needed before people will accept it that an atrocity has been committed. And rather the same sort of thing happens about technical progress.

The work of other nations is reported either as being far in advance of our own work, or as being far behind it. Neither report is likely to be widely believed unless it is supported by an objective summary of the facts. Very little has come out yet about what the Japanese were doing in aviation. We have not been told how much the Germans had passed on to them of their more advanced work on jets and rockets. It would be interesting and useful if the United States authorities were to issue a full report such as the Ministry of Aircraft Production has issued about German work. Before the war the Japanese were technically behind in

aviation, but they had the skill to build their aircraft very lightly (the facetious pilot's comment was that the main spars were of bamboo) yet without—apparently—any sacrifice in strength.

Peace Competition

WHATEVER the Japanese position relative to the Allies in aeronautical development, they will not be concerned with the coming peace-time competition. That, if past history is anything to go by, will be as intense as the competition of war.

If jets and rockets had come in a little earlier, it is possible that the speed increase of fighters in the war would have shown as steep a rise as the speed increase of racing machines before it. But jets and rockets were a little too late to produce this effect. Which reminds me that we have not yet heard much about what we have been doing in this country with rocket drive. We have heard about our jets and gas turbines but



Miss Jean Batten and Lt.-Col. Newman, V.C., were both speaking at the youth rally at Hyde Park and were photographed sitting next to each other during the proceedings. Miss Jean Batten is well known to the public as the famous airwoman, while Lt.-Col. Newman, V.C., led the Commando Raid on St. Nazaire

not about rocket drives. British rockets have all been of the missile variety, for making strikes, not for driving a man-carrying machine.

Rocket Advantages

THE advantages of the rocket as a means of driving a man-carrying aircraft are concerned with the development of thrust at very great heights. The Chinese mandarin who had eighty rockets fitted to his chair took off with them; but reached no very great height—presumably, though the details are lacking, as a result of instability on the part of the chair. But height is the natural complement of rockets. When V-2 was doing its 3,500 miles an hour the drag was so small that an ingenious friend worked out that an ordinary air speed indicator fitted to the rocket would have read 5 miles an hour. There is a measure of the speed advantage. Get up high enough, and if you have something that will develop the thrust, almost incredible speeds are brought within easy reach. Rockets will develop the thrust at height because they carry their own oxygen. The liquid fuel rocket is a complicated thing, as V-2 indicated; but it needs to be developed very intensively now if we propose to keep pace with the speed advances of the future.

Jet Cars and Kites

THERE has been some speculation about whether gas turbines and jets could ever be used to drive motor cars. The answer is yes and no: yes for the gas turbines and no for the plain jet drive. The gas turbine can be used to drive an airscrew. It follows that it could be used through appropriate gearing or through some form of torque converter, to drive wheels. But the jet is a means of applying thrust rather than the source of thrust and I cannot see any prospect, now or in the remoter future, of motor cars which would be efficient if they were jet propelled.

High speed is needed in the vehicle which is to make good use of jet propulsion. But some care has to be used in drawing the line. The helicopter, for instance, is not a high speed vehicle; yet there is every possibility that the jet will be applied to it. An interesting Weir patent specifies a helicopter with the rotor jet driven, the jet nozzles being near the rotor tips. And there is an American helicopter—though I know nothing about its flying achievements—which uses a jet for directional control, in place of the ordinary helicopter's torque rotor.

Strips

BEFORE war broke out there was at least one inn which had established its own landing strip for light aircraft. I forget the position of this inn now, though I recollect that it was kept by a retired Naval officer and provided very good cheer. It seems to me that here is an idea worth developing.

There ought to be the air parallel to the road house—the air house—and this is the moment for enterprising innkeepers to introduce it. Preferably away from a main road, with swimming or other amusement facilities and provision for simple service and maintenance of light aircraft, it would not only stand a good chance of becoming popular, but it would also aid private flying in becoming popular. Similarly those towns which rely for some of their prosperity on the mobile pleasure seeker would do well to begin at once to set out landing strips for light aircraft.



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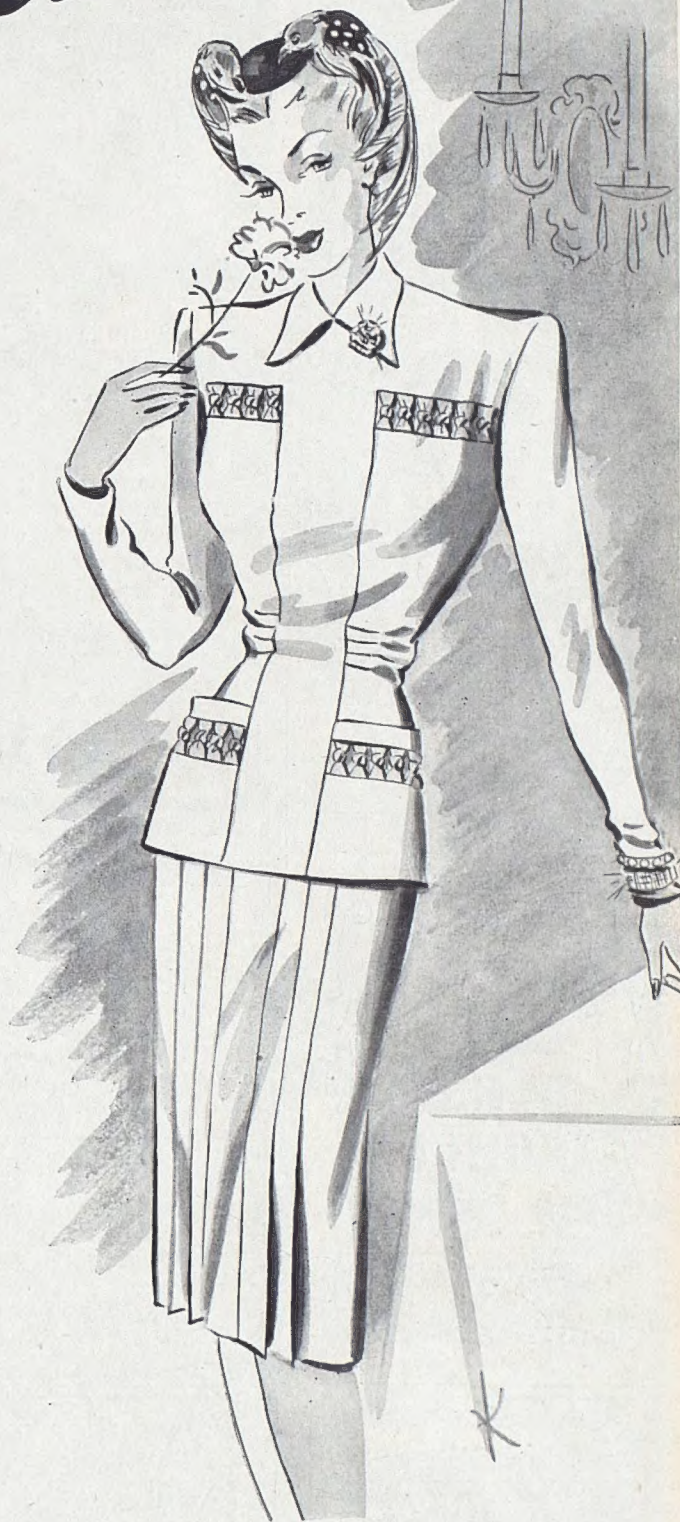


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